

JUL 13 1889

SULLIVAN WINS THE FIGHT

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.
JAKE KILRAIN'S DEPARTURE FROM HIS HOME IN BALTIMORE FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

NEXT ISSUE!

KILRAIN-SULLIVAN. THE POLICE GAZETTE, No. 620,

Published Monday, July 15, will fully illustrate and give further details of the great fight, and in addition there will be presented with this number (620)

An Elegant Colored Supplement

a photograph of Kilrain and Sullivan as they appear in the ring for the first round with the crowd at the ring side.

Be sure and ask your newsdealer to save you a copy of this great number, otherwise you may be unable to obtain one.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE BATTLE WON AND LOST.

The battle has been fought, won and lost. At Richburg, Miss., on July 8, Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, Md., and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., faced each other in the 24-foot ring and there did battle for the largest stakes ever fought for, \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world.

It was a battle of the giants, and the POLICE GAZETTE has no cause to be ashamed of the gladiator whose cause it championed.

The latest reports received up to the time of going to press record the fact that Kilrain was far from being a well man when he entered the ring. Notwithstanding the entreaties of his immediate friends to desist and forfeit the stakes, the hero intimated that he would lose his life rather than disappoint those who had placed confidence in him, or place his patrons in a compromising position.

Suffering from a disordered stomach and enfeebled in condition, he entered the ring and faced an antagonist of his own height, age, physical capabilities and professional prowess, in fact, his equal in everything that goes to make a first-class pugilist of the heavy-weight class. Under a broiling Southern midday sun, and enduring the pain he was laboring under, the "Police Gazette" champion, for seventy-five rounds, lasting two hours and sixteen minutes, faced his brawny antagonist, held him at bay or gave him blow for blow, as the dictates of his professional training or acumen decided.

This certainly was not the action of a coward; this decidedly was not the action of a craven. Jake Kilrain, by his deportment in the Richburg ring on Monday, July 8, has proven to the satisfaction of his friends, and even to those who favored his opponent, that he is neither.

There is a rumor to the effect that the referee chosen was not altogether impartial in his decisions, and that, furthermore, he was not wholly and fully informed as to the technicalities of the London prize ring rules, under which the battle was contended.

Be this as it may, the referee decided in favor of John L. Sullivan, and to John L. Sullivan must be awarded the honor, the glory, the championship, "Police Gazette" champion belt and the \$20,000 stakes—unless, of course, later developments prove that the battle was unfairly won, of which there is no probability, so far as we know at the time of going to press.

It is not the intention or desire of the POLICE GAZETTE to detract one iota from the bravery, action or behavior of John L. Sullivan in connection with this now noteworthy and to-be historical encounter.

It was the desire of the POLICE GAZETTE, so far as it was interested, to see a fair, square fight, with no favor, and that the battle should be won or lost on its merits.

That appears to have been done.

We greet the victor!

JOHN L. WINS!

A Terrific Battle of 75
Rounds, Lasting 2
Hours and 16
Minutes,

AT RICHBURG, MISS.

Thousands Gather at the
Ring-side to Witness
the Fight.

JAKE ILL AT THE START

Notwithstanding this Fact, He
Fights John L. to a
Standstill.

NO STRENGTH TO FOLLOW IT UP

He Is Badly Used Up at the
Finish, but Succumbs
Gracefully.

JOHN L. NOT UNSCATHED.

He Has Two Black Eyes, a
Split Ear and a Dis-
figured Face.

WAS THE REFEREE IMPARTIAL?

Rumors that He Was Not, and that
He Was Not Cognizant of
the Rules.

THE PUGILISTS HOMEWARD BOUND

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 8, 5 P. M.—Sullivan won the battle in 2 hours and 16 minutes. Kilrain taken ill in third round after gaining first blood and first fall. Seventy-five rounds fought. More later. H. E. W.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8, 6 P. M.—The most desperate fight on record occurred this morning at Richburg, Miss., between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan. The ring had been built in a piece of woods near the mill of a man named Fitch.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining a referee, but this matter was finally settled. John Fitzpatrick was referee. He was offered by Sullivan and accepted by Mitchell. Donovan and Mitchell looked out for Kilrain's interests, and W. B. Masterson officiated as his umpire. Muldoon and Cleary seconded Kilrain, and Tom Costello was his umpire.

All the arrangements having been completed, the men shook hands. The excitement was intense, and those who had prophesied that the Baltimore Boy would not dare to face the Bostonian in the ring looked as if they had a longing desire to hedge.

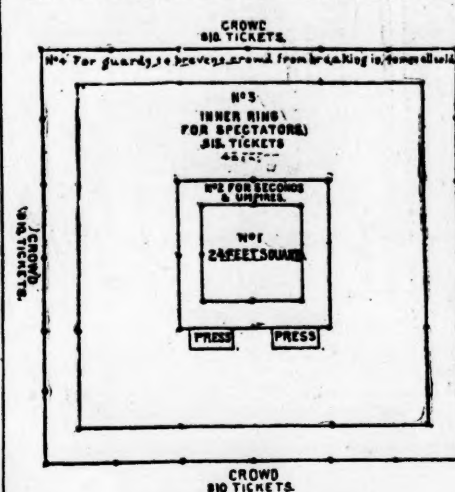
When time was called the two men sparred for an opening. Kilrain finally biffed Sullivan and drew first blood. A half minute later first fall was awarded the Baltimorean and the crowd cheered themselves hoarse and thousands chanced hands.

It was an even thing until the third round, when Sullivan struck Kilrain a terrific blow fair on the

stomach. Kilrain turned pale and it was evident from that point that he was a whipped man.

During the remaining rounds he was weak and often feeble, and lacked force in putting in his blows. It was evident that he was suffering from the effects of a sickness, which was only known to his immediate friends.

Still the fight progressed. Sullivan fought careful,



and how Kilrain managed to stand on his feet, much less fight, was a surprise to everybody who knew his ailment.

Sullivan was fought to a standstill several times, but Kilrain had not the strength to finish him. As it was, Sullivan was badly punished, and when the fight was finally decided in his favor, at the termination of the seventy-fifth round, he had two black eyes, lips the size of small boxing gloves, and one ear was badly split.

Even with Kilrain's illness he might have won the fight had the decisions of the referee been justly favorable to him, but they were not so. He was an undeniable Sullivan man, and in addition many of his decisions proved that he was a stranger to the rules governing the fight.

Kilrain has given evidence by his fight of to-day that if he had been in Al condition he would have bested his adversary.

After the decision had been given in Sullivan's favor the party separated in different directions to avoid arrest.

The fight would have taken place earlier in the day had it not been for the time consumed in parleying with the Mississippi sheriff, who wanted to stop the fight.

Sporting men—and there were representatives here from every city in the United States and also from across the water—say that it was the best and most bitterly contested fight they ever witnessed. Even Sullivan's most enthusiastic admirers were forced to admit that Kilrain had proven himself game even beyond their greatest expectations.

Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been wagered all over the country that the Baltimore Boy would not face Sullivan in the ring. Other thousands upon thousands had been put up that he would not last twenty minutes, while there were still others of Sullivan's friends who had not the faintest scintilla of imagination that Kilrain would be able to cope with



KILRAIN WEIGHING.

their favorite for ten rounds. Twenty rounds was the extreme limit.

They grew timorous when their limit was passed, and as round upon round was added to the score they whispered to each other that Jake was a good 'un.

If yesterday's battle is a criterion, Jake is a good 'un and no mistake. H. E. W.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—At 1:35 o'clock this morning the first train on the Queen and Crescent R. R. started from the depot literally packed with an excited multitude. It consisted of fourteen coaches and was bound for the battle ground. A second train, with not less than 800 people aboard followed an hour later. The destination of the two trains was Richburg, Marion county, Miss., 103 miles from the city. Other trains bound for Richburg, started later.

Crowds who had not the wherewithal to accompany the sports flocked around these trains to catch a glimpse of the "big 'uns," but they had their trouble for their pains.

The big 'uns had departed. At about four o'clock yesterday afternoon a carriage, superinduced by foaming horses drew up at the Queen and Crescent depot. From it alighted John L. Sullivan, Billy Muldoon and Mike Cleary. They hurriedly entered the rear car of the train. Ahead of this car was a box car and ahead of that was a passenger car. In advance of this latter was a snorting, puffing engine. The Sullivan party had scarcely taken their seats when another carriage drew up at the depot and from it alighted the "Police Gazette" champion, Jake Kilrain;

Frank Stevenson, Pony Moore and Bat Masterson of Denver, Col. They entered the foremost car amid cheers for Kilrain. Shortly afterward friends of both parties, to the prescribed number, took seats in either car, and, when all was declared in readiness, the conductor gave the signal, and the locomotive fairly jumped in very glee at the thought of being the means of being in the company of such a distinguished party of sporting men bound on such a journey.

As soon as the distinguished pugilists and their friends arrived at the station nearest the scene of the fight they hurried to the woods and bivouacked to await the all important hour when time would be called. The ring is about seven miles from the station, and the scenes incident to the scampering across lots in a go-as-you-please get-there were ludicrous in the extreme. Conveyances had been provided for the principals and those immediately interested, and all possible safeguards were taken to prevent accident.

This despatch would have reached you sooner had it not been for the fact that all of the wires had been cut between Richburg and this city in order that the plans of the pugilists might not be frustrated. It is said that these wires were cut by sporting men who had wagered small sums on the pugilists, and did not propose having their chances of winning knocked out by the untimely arrival of the militia. H. E. W.

JAKE KILRAIN'S RECORD.

Jake Kilrain, the American champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt and championship of the world, stands 5 feet 10½ inches high and weighs 230 pounds. His chest measurement is 42 inches, upon and around the biceps 16 inches, forearm 14 inches, waist 24 inches, thigh 25 inches, calf of leg 17 inches. He wears a No. 9 shoe and a No. 9 glove, and it takes a 17-inch collar to encircle his neck.

He was born at Greenport, Columbia county, which is in the State of New York, on Feb. 9, 1850. He worked in a rolling mill in Somerville, Mass., which is a suburb of Boston. In his youth he had developed a love for athletic sports. In fact, they were forced upon him, for in such a large establishment it was not to be wondered at that there were many good boxers, and as he was a gawky country boy he was a mark for all their practical jokes. Sometimes they went too far, and when he remonstrated they laughed at him. Finally Kilrain made up his mind that he would thrash one or two of these tormentors, and from that day he was champion of the mill.

Kilrain's first encounter was with Jack Daley, who had fought several small ring battles, but Kilrain put him to sleep in short order. His next encounter was



IN THE ATHLETIC CLUB ROOMS.

with Jim Driscoll, a regular giant, who, while having little or no science, could hit with the force of a trip-hammer, and when he at last gave up his mother would scarcely have known him. Kilrain then fought Dan Dwyer. It was a long and bloody fight, and Jake finally managed to pull through a winner. The last man that was pitted against Kilrain at the mill was Dennis Roach. He had been imported to the mill with the idea of putting an end to young Kilrain's run of luck, and they came near doing so, too. He was not very well when the day for the fight arrived, but knowing full well that he would have been branded a coward if he backed out, he got into the ring, determined to stand up as long as he was able. Roach was a hurricane fighter, and sought to annihilate Kilrain in a couple of rounds. He hit Kilrain in the stomach several times, and Kilrain thought that he must give in. But after a little while Roach's blows got weaker, and finding that he could not hurt Kilrain, the latter fought with him, and by a judicious use of the left hand managed to close up Roach's eyes. Roach was willing to keep on fighting, although he could not see. Finally his friends took him away, and that ended Kilrain's fighting career in the mill.

He took to rowing, and was one of the winning crew in a four-oared race on Lake Waldron. This appeared to whet Kilrain's appetite for boating, and in 1883 we find him competing successfully for the junior sculling championship at the National Amateur Regatta, held at Newark, N. J. Of course, when President Garfield of the National Association learned the identity of "Killion," which is Jake's real name, and discovered him to be a professional pugilist, he at once took steps for an investigation, and Mr. "Killion" and Kilrain ceased to be an amateur oarsman. His next appearance in a racing boat was on the Charles River, when he was one of a four-oared Hull boat crew. They rowed against the Middlesex and Riverside crews, and beat them both. A few weeks later on he formed part of a four-oared crew which rowed in the Union Boat Club regatta on the Charles River, and won the prize.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

The same crew was one of the entries in the 4th of July regatta of 1883, but suffered defeat, rowing second to the Middlesex crew, which was accounted one of the best amateur fours.

In the winter of 1883 Kilrain launched out as a professional pugilist. He obtained a situation in the Boston Crib Club, where he was assistant to Tim Mc-

Carthy. Here he got more hard knocks than wealth, but he gained a good deal of experience. While employed in the Crib Club he was called upon to face some good men. His first experience was with Harry Allen. They were to have contested six rounds, but he had Allen knocked out in the very first round. The gentlemen present asked Kilrain to "let up" on his antagonist. This he did, and Allen rallied, but made such a poor showing that the management stopped the fight.

Kilrain's next antagonist was George Godfrey, the colored pugilist. This was to have been a six-round fight, but Kilrain hit the darkey so hard that he quit in the third round.

Nothing more was done in 1883, but the following year was a very busy one for Kilrain. Jim Goode was pitted against him for a six-round battle. The referee



DONOVAN, MITCHELL AND KILRAIN PLANNING.

declared it a draw, but disinterested people say that Jake should have got the verdict, as Goode was, to all intents and purposes, a defeated man, and all but knocked out.

Kilrain's next antagonist was Charley Mitchell, with whom he fought a four-round draw at Boston. Then came his encounter with Mike Cleary, which was for four rounds, in New York. Despite the fact that Cleary could scarcely stand at the end of the fourth round, Billy Edwards declared the contest a draw.

Kilrain then fought Jack Burke. They were to have fought five rounds, but the first was so hot and heavy that the Boston police got on the stage and prevented them from finishing the combat. They allowed them to finish the other four rounds in a very tame sparring match. A proposition was made to Burke to finish the affair in some other city, but he refused, knowing he was no match for Kilrain.

After this Kilrain took a long rest, and then he went to Bangor, Me., and met a giant by the name of Jerry Murphy, who stood 6 feet 1 inch and weighed 200 pounds. Kilrain almost killed his burly antagonist, and in the middle of the second round put him to sleep by a right-hander on the jaw.

In 1885, at Cambridge, Mass., Kilrain met William Sheriff, the Prussian. They were to have fought six rounds, but Kilrain knocked his antagonist insensible in two rounds. The latter was finally restored to consciousness, and then Kilrain sparred a light round with Sheriff, who could make no showing with his man at all.

George Fryer, the British pugilist, was Kilrain's next adversary, and they fought a five-round draw. The last victim that Kilrain had in 1885 was Jem McGlynn, of New Bedford, Mass. This individual, by the exercise of a lot of pedestrianism, managed to last through three rounds; then he got hit so hard on the jaw that he quit, refusing to go on.

During the year 1886 Kilrain had many adversaries. The first one to oppose him was Frank Herald, whom some of the New York newspapers "boosted" into eminence. This is the pugilist of whom it was said that Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered to subscribe a purse of \$2,000 to fight John L. Sullivan, provided no reporters other than his own men were allowed to see the battle. Herald and Kilrain met in Baltimore, Md., and the first named lasted one short round, Kilrain sending in such a smashing hit on the jaw that Herald toppled over insensible.

The sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE was referee, but because the police broke in the ring he declared the contest a draw, but said that if the round had been finished and the police not stopped hostilities he would have declared Kilrain the winner, for everyone knew that Herald was whipped.

Soon after this Kilrain was hired to spar at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Pa. The conditions under which he was to draw his salary were that he was to meet a fresh man every night, and either beat his opponent or send him to sleep. This Kilrain did. He began on Godfrey, who got his quietus in the second round. When Godfrey was knocked down everyone thought his neck was broken, and it was hours before he was restored to consciousness. In fact he has never been the same man since Kilrain's mighty right hand came in contact with his jaw. Tom Kelly



KILRAIN'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

managed to stand up three rounds and part of the fourth round. Then he was taken to his room in a very demoralized condition. Third on the list was Denny Killeen, who, though standing up through four rounds, was badly used up. Killeen was knocked down seven times in the quarter of an hour he faced Kilrain. This was a wonderful showing for an athlete, and the record stands unrivaled.

In 1886 Kilrain had many glove fights. His first battle was with Jack Ashton on Long Island. Ashton had whipped Dick Collier, and won fifteen battles, and many supposed he would easily defeat Kilrain, but Kilrain won.

Joe Lannon, of Boston, then challenged Kilrain to fight with skin gloves. A purse was put up by the Crib Club, Boston, and Lannon was made a big favorite, because Sullivan, who was then champion, refused to meet him. Lannon managed to stand up for three rounds, and then a blow on the point of the jaw made him oblivious to the fact that Kilrain was a more formidable

fighter than Sullivan, and he went to sleep, Kilrain being declared the winner.

In June, 1887, Kilrain issued a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan, of Boston, who held the title of champion, for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of America. His backer at the same time posted \$1,000 forfeit with the New York Clipper. Sullivan refused to accept the challenge and forfeited the title of champion. Kilrain was then presented with the belt at Baltimore, Md.

Kilrain announced his willingness to fight Sullivan or any man in the world for the trophy and \$5,000 or \$10,000, while his backer offered to furnish the stakes. Jem Smith, the champion of England, accepted the challenge, and his backer at once left for England, met Smith and his backers at the Sporting Life office, and ratified a match for \$5,000 a side, the belt and championship of the world. The battle was fought on Isle St. Pierre, France, on Dec. 19, 1887. Kilrain gained first blood, first knock-down and had the best of the encounter while it lasted.

After 108 rounds had been fought in 2 hours and 31 minutes, darkness came on, and the referee ordered the battle to be resumed the following day. The men met again, but the match was declared a draw without resuming the fight. Kilrain was presented by his backer with the \$5,000 stakes and also \$1,000 that was given him by his backer, through the latter's representative, to bet in the ring.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S RECORD.

John L. Sullivan was born in "The Highlands," Boston, Mass., U. S. A., October 15, 1868, and is therefore 30 years of age. He is 5 feet 10½ inches high, and is at his best fighting weight when he does not exceed 14 stone. In condition his physical measurements are: Chest, 44 inches; biceps, 18½ inches; calf 15½ inches; thigh, 27 inches.

He began to spar in 1870, appearing at several exhibitions in Boston, but did not attract general attention until the spring of 1880, when Joe Goss, deceased, took a benefit at Music Hall, Boston. Sullivan appeared with Goss in the wind-up, when he dealt that old prize ring veteran a right-hander, which sent him sprawling, and caused a halt in the bout. Goss was accorded sufficient time to revive, when the set-to was continued. George Rooke, brother of Jack Rooke of Manchester, was his next customer, and one round was sufficient to demonstrate to Rooke that Sullivan was a prize ring phenomenon.

In the fall of the same year Sullivan visited Cincinnati, Ohio, and bested John Donaldson in three rounds. Same place, December, 24, 1880, he met and defeated John Donaldson in ten rounds, occupying 31 minutes, with small gloves.



PATCHING THE RING.

A purse was offered by John Moran, of Cincinnati, for Sullivan to box John Donaldson, of Cincinnati, December 20, 1880. Ten three-minute rounds were fought, and Donaldson, although over-matched in weight, gave the Boston boy a hard battle, but Sullivan finally won.

On March 31, 1881, Sullivan was tendered a testimonial at Harry Hill's, New York City, when he offered \$50 to any man who would stand before him for four three-minute rounds, with soft gloves. Steve Taylor, a heavy-weight boxer, who had never fought in the prize ring except with gloves, accepted the offer. He was no match for Sullivan, and no one expected he was, and being half seas over when he entered the ring, Sullivan easily conquered him.

The POLICE GAZETTE then offered to match Sullivan against any man in the world, a proposition Sullivan accepted to. A hitch occurred.

A purse of \$800 was then subscribed for Sullivan and John Flood to contest for, with gloves, according to Queensberry rules. Flood was no boxer and had never fought in the ring. The contest was decided on a barge towed by a tug boat on the Hudson river, New York, on May 16, 1881. Eight hard rounds were fought, first Flood and then Sullivan having the lead, until the amateur gave up, and Sullivan was declared the winner in 16 minutes.

Then a challenge was issued, backed up with \$1,000, offering to match Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., to meet Sullivan in a fistie encounter, according to London prize ring rules, for \$5,000 a side.

Sullivan did not have backers, but finally Mike McDonald, of Chicago, agreed to arrange the match on behalf of Sullivan. Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, came on to New York to represent McDonald and Sullivan.

The Crib Club of Boston then agreed to back Sullivan, and articles of agreement were drafted, and Wm. Madden, on behalf of Sullivan, and the representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, met and arranged the match in ten minutes for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. Harry Hill being chosen final stakeholder. The Crib Club, in the eleventh hour, or at the putting up of the final deposit, backed out, and James Keenan had to come to the rescue, and planted down the money rather than have the match end in a fizzle.

The battle was fought at Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1882. Nine rounds were fought in 11 minutes, when Sullivan was declared the winner. The battle was fought according to London rules, with bare knuckles. It was one of the least important battles ever fought for the title as far as form is concerned, for Ryan had only won the championship by a fluke, and there were several of the heavy-weight fistie division that would not only have conquered Ryan, but have given Sullivan a better battle.

After Sullivan won the championship he gave exhibitions through the various cities, and about June, 1882, James Elliott, who had fought for the championship of America, but had been for a long time in disrepute, issued a challenge to fight Sullivan for

\$5,000 and the championship. At the same time his backer, John Leary, posted a forfeit of \$500.

Billy Madden refused to allow Sullivan to fight Elliott only with gloves, and no match was made, and Elliott was entitled to the championship, if he had desired to claim it. Later a four-round glove contest was arranged between Sullivan and Elliott, and it was decided at Washington Park, New York city, July 4, 1882. Elliott went wrong just before the day set for the contest, and entered the arena a more fit subject for a bed than to engage in a fistie encounter, and Sullivan easily won.

The POLICE GAZETTE then put its shoulder to the wheel, and decided to find a pugilist that would give Sullivan a hard battle and prove he was not the courageous boxer he professed to be, but which many doubted, owing to some curious antics he displayed when he fought Paddy Ryan.

There was at the time no boxer in America worthy of backing as a trial horse against the now champion, and he decided to send to England for Joe Collins, better known as Tug Wilson, of Leicester, Eng. Tug Wilson came over, and on his arrival he was matched against Sullivan to box four rounds. Sullivan's backer wagering \$1,000 that Tug Wilson could not stand up at the end of the fourth round. About 12,000 spectators paid from \$1 to \$5 a ticket, to witness the contest, which was decided at Madison Square Garden, New York, on July 17, 1882. Sullivan lost his wager, and came near losing his reputation, for he was not only unable to stop or knock out the "Police Gazette" champion, but Tug Wilson was the best man, and the strongest at the end of the fourth round, and the referee, Harry Hill, declared Wilson to be the winner of the contest.

On top of Wilson's victory, his backer posted \$1,000 with Harry Hill, and offered to match Tug Wilson to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the championship. Sullivan's backers did not cover the money, but a meeting was held, in which the POLICE GAZETTE's representative made every concession to the Sullivan party in order to ratify the match, but Sullivan refused to ratify any match unless it was to be a four-round glove contest.

On March 28, 1885, the POLICE GAZETTE representative left New York for Philadelphia, and called on Sullivan, and after an interview with the latter, decided to put up the "Police Gazette" champion belt and a purse of \$5,000 for Paddy Ryan and Sullivan to contend for.

On April 2, 1885, Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey were to have boxed at Rantz Park, Philadelphia, Pa., but the police would not allow the exhibition to take place. On April 8, 1885, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan met at the POLICE GAZETTE office and agreed to

arrange a match to contend, according to London prize ring rules, for \$2,500. Articles were drawn up and signed at Jersey City, N. J.

In April, 1883, Charley Mitchell, who had won the championship of England, came to America, and a forfeit of \$500 was posted and Mitchell challenged Sullivan to fight him with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules. Sullivan refused to meet Mitchell only in a four-round glove contest. A match was arranged and the result decided in Madison Square Garden, March 14, 1883. Sullivan weighed 201 pounds, Mitchell 143 pounds. Mitchell had the best of the first round, and knocked Sullivan down, fair and square, in the second round. As the contest began to be exciting, Captain Alexander Williams, now Inspector of the police force of New York, stopped it. Mitchell offered to go on and finish the affair with the "raw uns," but the police threatened to arrest him.

Again Mitchell challenged Sullivan to fight with bare knuckles for \$2,500 a side, but Sullivan refused to pay any attention to the challenge.

In the meantime the POLICE GAZETTE sent to New Zealand for Jem Maco and Herbert A. Slade, deciding on the arrival of the latter to match him to fight Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the championship. On Slade's arrival \$1,000 was posted with Harry Hill and Slade challenged Sullivan to meet him for the championship and \$5,000.

Sullivan could easily have beaten Slade, but he refused to meet him or cover the money, and finding there was no chance of bringing the champion to terms, a match was arranged, Sullivan's style, to box four rounds, August 7, at Madison Square Garden. Sullivan met Herbert Slade, the Maori, and knocked him out of time in the third round.

In September, 1883, the champion started on a nine months' tour of the United States and Territories, holding out a standing offer to give any man \$200 who would stand before him for four three-minute rounds with soft gloves. During the trip he disposed of over fifty aspirants, prominent among them being Fred Robinson, in two rounds, at Butte City, Mont., January 14, 1884; George Robinson, four rounds, at San Francisco, Cal., March 6, Robinson repeatedly falling without a blow; Al Marx, in a round, lasting 1 minute 55 seconds, at Galveston, Texas, April 10; Dan Henry, one round, at Hot Springs, Ark., April 29; knocked out Wm. Fleming, two seconds, at Memphis, Tenn., May 1; Enos Phillips in three rounds. Sullivan next met Prof. J. Laffin, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 10, 1884, in three rounds. Time, 7 minutes.

On June 30, 1884, a match was arranged between Sullivan and Charley Mitchell to box four rounds for the gate money. Both trained for the affair, and about 12,000 persons paid to witness the contest. After the crowd was beginning to grow restless, the tall form of Sullivan was seen coming from the Madison avenue entrance, followed by Billy Mahoney, Pete McCoy and Capt. Williams. Sullivan mounted the stage followed by Captain Alexander Williams, and taking off his hat he staggered to the ropes and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sick and not able to fight. The doctor is here, and this is the first time I disappointed you."

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the crowd, and some said, "He's afraid." "Yes, said another, 'he is no good.'"

Amid hisses, groans and cat-calls, Charley Mitchell, followed by Billy Madden, ascended the stage. Immense cheering followed, but a motion of Captain Williams' club was the signal for Sullivan to stagger down the steps of the stage, and, followed by a crowd of disappointed sporting men, he left the Garden.



KILRAIN'S SUNDAY MORNING SPIN AT ARBUTA SPRINGS.

Mitchell then asked Billy Madden if he should give an exhibition. Madden said yes, and Mitchell went to the ropes on the north side of the stage and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sick, and it would not be fair for me to meet him, as I am feeling pretty good myself."

The POLICE GAZETTE then offered to match Alf Greenfield, of Birmingham, England, against Sullivan. Sullivan agreed to meet this English champion, but on the latter's arrival in America, after a number of \$1,000 was put up, Sullivan refused to meet him except with gloves. Finally a match was arranged to box four rounds.

Sullivan met Alf Greenfield at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 18, 1884, in two rounds; time, 6 minutes 15 seconds. Alf Greenfield, at New England Institute building, Boston, Mass., Jan. 12, 1885, in four rounds; time, 12 minutes. Paddy Ryan (a draw); the police interfered; time, 30 seconds, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 19, 1885. Jack Burke and Sullivan boxed with gloves at the Driving Park, Chicago, Ill., June 18, 1885, in five rounds; time, 15 minutes. Sullivan did not knock Burke out. Sullivan arranged another match to meet Mitchell in a glove contest in June, 1885, and the men were to have boxed at the Polo Grounds, New York, on July 6, 1885, but the match did not take place, and both sides blamed the authorities.

Dominick McCaffrey and Sullivan boxed with gloves on Aug. 25, 1885, at Chester Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, six rounds; time, 22 minutes; and McCaffrey was not beaten. Sullivan then met Frank Herald at Allegheny City, Pa., Sept. 13, 1885; two rounds; police interfered. Sullivan met Paddy Ryan at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 13, 1885, and defeated him in three rounds.

The POLICE GAZETTE then offered to match Sullivan to fight Jem Smith for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the championship of the world, give or take \$500 for expenses, the battle to be decided in England or France, at the same time putting up \$1,000 forfeit.

Smith agreed to meet Sullivan, when the latter refused to arrange a match unless Ireland was the battle ground. Smith agreed to fight in Ireland, and then Sullivan backed out.

Sullivan's last appearance was with Patsy Cardiff at Minneapolis, January 13, 1887. They were to contest six rounds for the gate receipts. Cardiff is a strong, rough fighter, and a difficult man to get at. Sullivan gauged his man wrongly, and, in letting drive his right, his wrist struck Cardiff on the head. One of the bones broke between the wrist and the elbow, and the contest was declared a draw. About two months later Jake Kilrain challenged Sullivan to fight for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship, London prize ring rules, the POLICE GAZETTE at the same time putting up \$1,000 forfeit with the New York Clipper. Sullivan said he would not fight for less than \$10,000. After the POLICE GAZETTE agreed to put up the \$10,000, Sullivan refused to arrange the match, and Kilrain was declared champion of America.

Sullivan journeyed from Boston to the Cunard steamer Cephalonia, embarking on the 27th of October, 1887, for England. He was accompanied by his backer, Mr. Harry S. Phillips, Jack Ashton, a most promising American heavy-weight, and James McKeon.



ADMIRING CONES.

Since the great fistie encounter for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, between Jake Kilrain, America's champion, and Jem Smith, England's champion, which was decided on Isle St. Pierre, France, on Dec. 19, 1887, the great topic in sporting circles in both hemispheres was the match between John L. Sullivan, the famous American pugilist, and Charley Mitchell, the British champion boxer, and the merits of the men and their respective individual prospects of conquest and defeat were freely discussed.

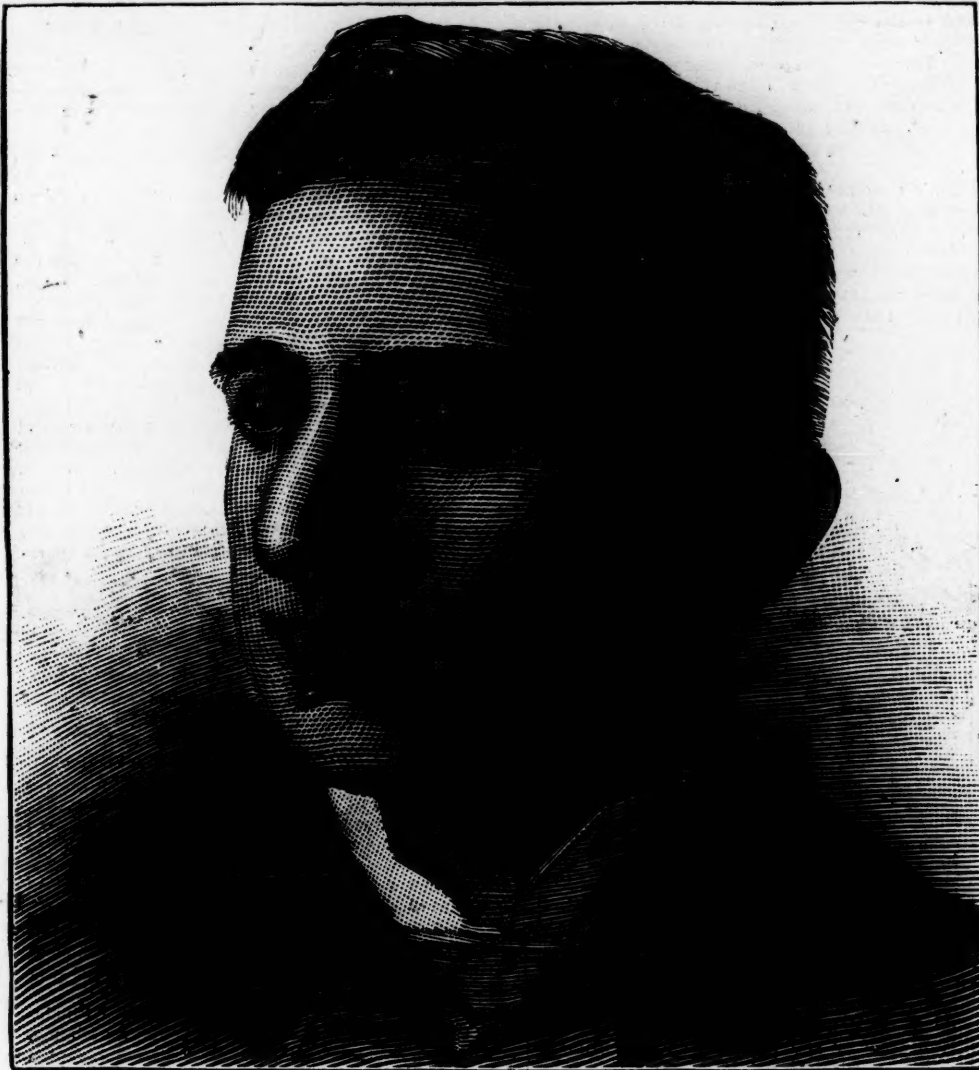
On March 10, 1888, Sullivan met Mitchell in a 24-foot ring, with bare knuckles, near Chantilly, France. It was Sullivan's second regular battle in six years. Thirty-nine rounds were fought in 3 hours and 11 minutes, when the battle ended in a draw, Sullivan's opponent being the strongest at the finish.

NEXT WEEK!—Be sure you get the POLICE GAZETTE No. 520. There will be presented a double-page colored supplement, the subject of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with some details of the battle.

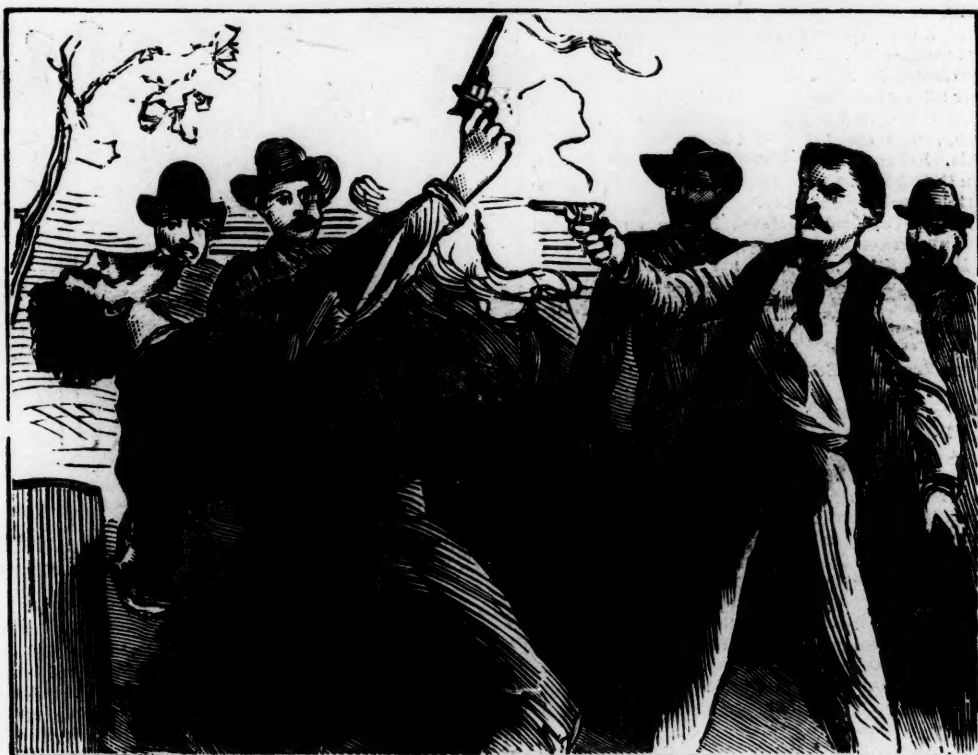
RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher.



AMIABLE AGNES EVANS,
A BRIGHT AND PRETTY MEMBER OF MAY HOWARD'S MERRY BURLESQUERS.



JOLLY JEFF DE ANGELIS,
COMEDIAN, SINGER AND DANCER, WIDELY KNOWN IN THE VAUDEVILLES.



A TERRIBLE FIGHT.
TWO FISHERMEN NAMED JOHN BOLDT AND JOHN LUCAS OF ASTORIA, ORE., FIGHT
WITH BARE KNUCKLES AND THEN WITH PISTOLS.



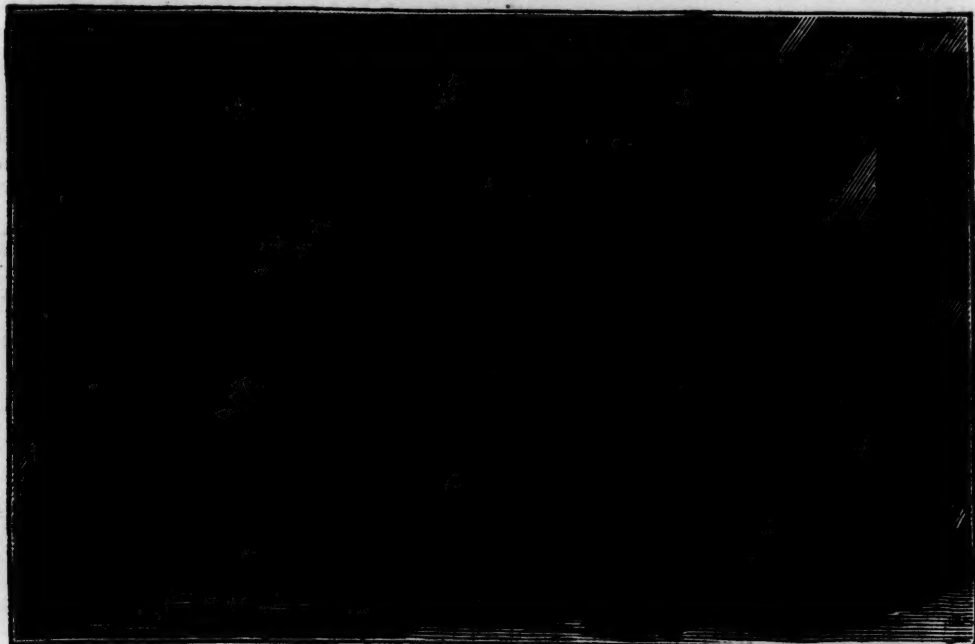
A NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.
A TORRENT UNDERMINES THE TRACK OF THE NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD
NEAR LYNCHBURG, VA., WITH FATAL RESULTS.



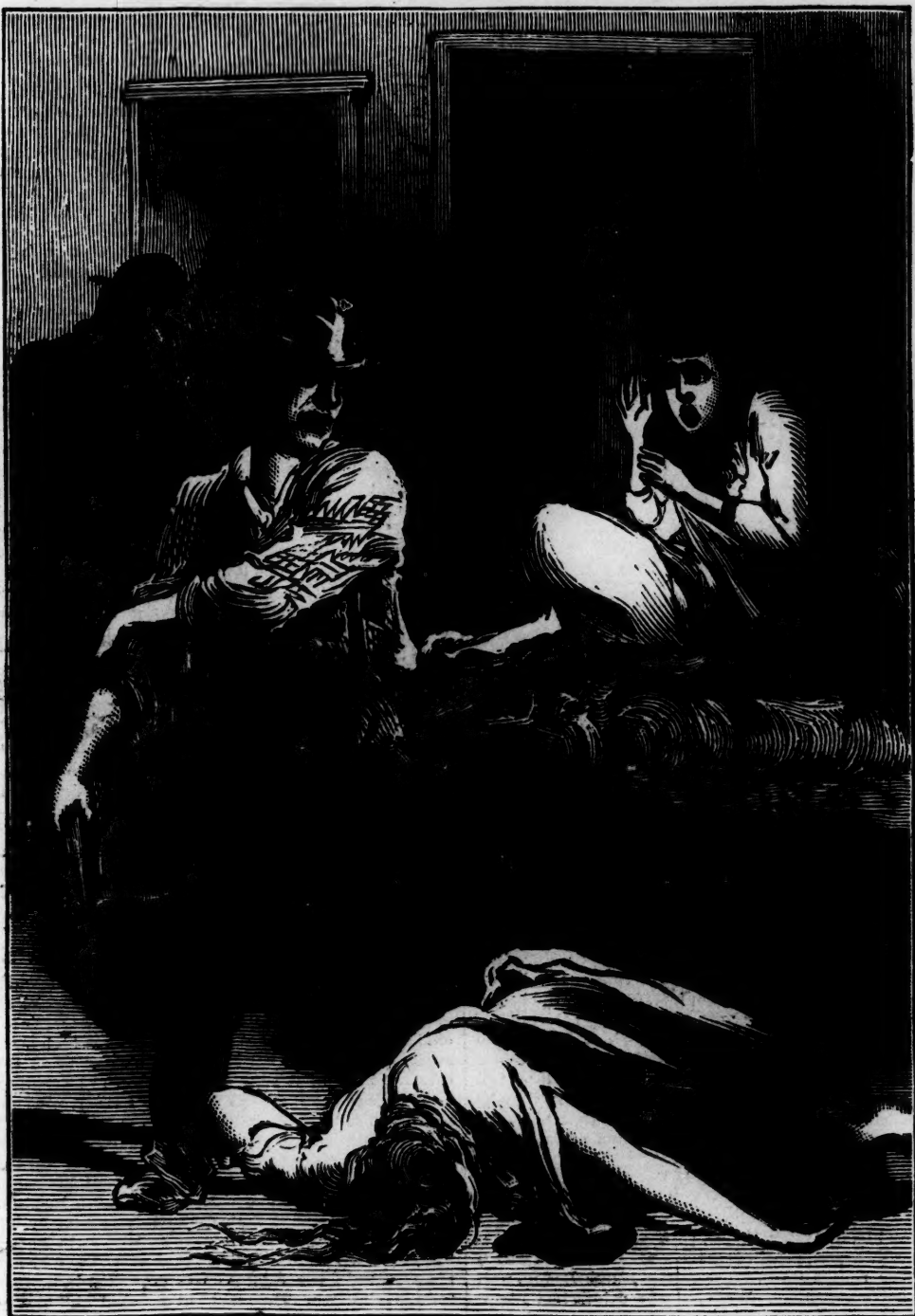
ENTIRE FAMILY CHLOROFORMED.
ROBBERS ENTER THE RESIDENCE OF DANIEL RHINEHARDT OF FORT WAYNE, IND.,
ETHERIZE THE FOLKS AND RANSACK THE HOUSE.



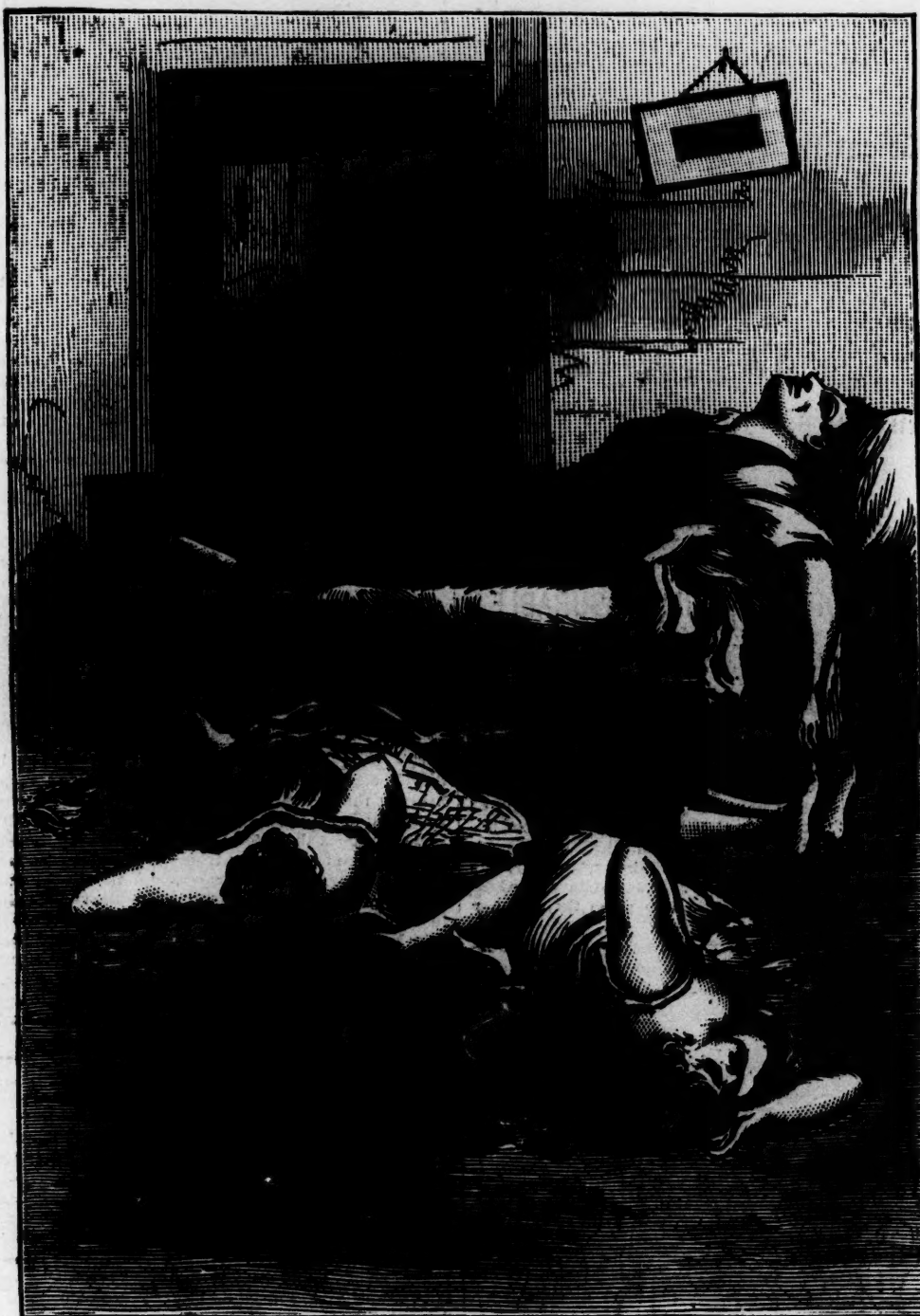
IT SHOULD CHANGE ITS NAME.
DR. SMITH OF PLEASANT UNITY, PENNSYLVANIA, IS KNOCKED DOWN AND HIS HOUSE ROBBED BY THREE MASKED MEN.



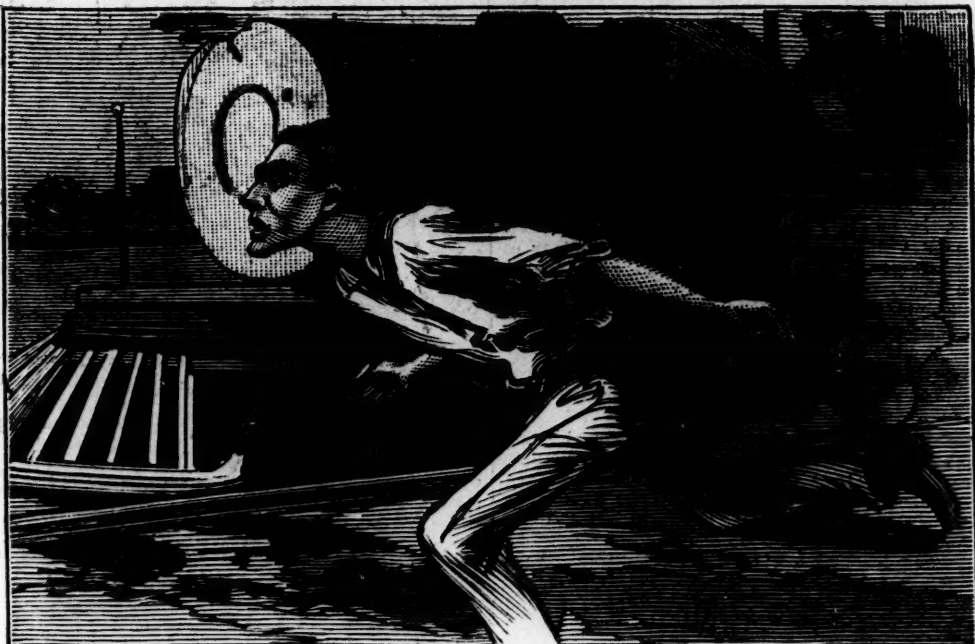
A WATERSPOUT ON A TEAR.
IT RAISES THUNDER WITH ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA, AND MRS. H. L. NICHOLSON IS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.



A VICIOUS BURGLAR.
HE BREAKS INTO THE HOME OF JOHN WEBBER, OF LA CROSSE, WIS., STABS MISS WEBBER AND ATTEMPTS TO KILL HER SISTER.



A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.
FOUR WOMEN AND TWO MEN, ASPHYXIATED BY GAS, FOUND DEAD IN A DIVE IN PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.



HAD RATS IN HIS GARRET.
WHILE DEMENTED JAMES MCINERNEY OF ELIZABETH, N. J., RAN A RACE WITH A RAILROAD TRAIN AND WAS BEATEN BY A NECK.



A MADMAN RUNS AMUCK.
INSANE MR. MCGINNIS, WHO LIVES NEAR KEOKUK, ILL., KILLS ONE OFFICER, WOUNDS ANOTHER AND IS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD.

TRIUMPHANT TOURISTS

The Tractable Titans Travel
Through Territory Tinctured
with Treason.

KILRAIN'S KEEN KEEPERS.

Evading Esthetical Enemies
and Eluding Exasperating Edicts.

SAGACIOUS SAFEGUARDS.

Scientific Scrappers Surreptitiously Scooting
Southward.

CRESCENT CITY'S COHORTS

Give the Giant Gladiators a Glorious,
Gladsome and Generous
Greeting.

IMPEDIMENTS IMMEASURABLE.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

NEW ORLEANS, July 4.—The principal topic in sporting circles for a long time has been the battle between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, which is to come off on Monday July 8. For several weeks past both men have been put through a regular course of training, as has already been announced in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, and the anticipated contest has interested sporting men throughout the known world. Up to the near arrival of the all important day, the majority of sporting men were in a quandary as to how to speculate on the event and to place their money where it would do the most good.

Many of the fraternity who witnessed Jem Mace de-



KILRAIN LEAVING BALTIMORE.

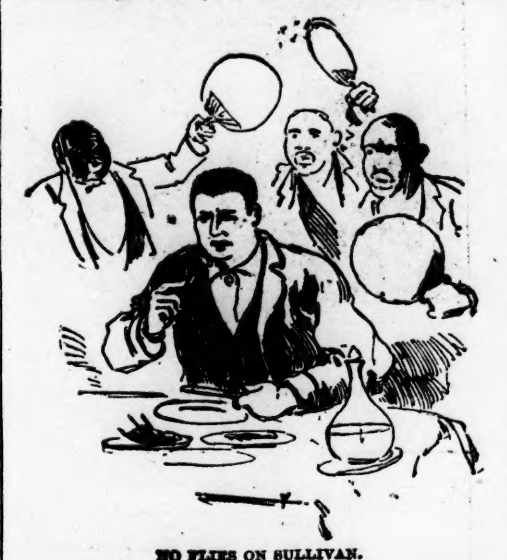
feat Tom Allen near this city in May, 1870, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, and who witnessed Joe Coburn fight a draw at Bay St. Louis, in 1871, and who, later, attended the great battle between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan for \$7,000, are backing Kilrain; but the masses, who never witnessed a mill and form their opinions by what they have heard and read, still stick to John L. Sullivan and believe he is still the great boxer that he was seven years ago, when he put Paddy Ryan to sleep in less than twelve minutes. New Orleans sporting men, merchants, lawyers, and all classes, will attend the fight, but they have never seen Kilrain, consequently they know scarcely anything about his chances of defeating Sullivan. They, however, are determined to see that both men shall receive fair play, and if Sullivan can defeat Kilrain he will be permitted to do so, while if Kilrain shows that he is able to defeat Sullivan no one will be allowed to intimidate him.

It is to be a battle which will be decided strictly upon the merits of the men, and the best man will win. Sixty ring-keepers will be selected to keep the crowd from entering the inner ring. Each will be armed with a hickory staff four feet long, and the men that will be selected to fill this position will be appointed by Bud Renaud, and engaged for their courage and bravery displayed in political skirmishes and small riots which from time to time occur in Louisiana.

This fight will differ materially from the majority of those which have taken place in America in the last eight years, as it will be conducted under what are

known as "the latest rules of the London prize ring." These require that a roped enclosure, technically known as "the ring," shall be pitched on turf; that the men shall fight with bare fists; that they shall be naked from the waist up; that no blow shall be struck below the "belt" encircling the waist, and that tripping and wrestling is permitted, but neither antagonist shall take hold of the other below the line of the belt.

Each round lasts until one of the contestants is knocked down or is thrown to the ground, or both fall together in a clinch. In that event they are given a rest of thirty seconds, and at the end of them "time" is called, and the man failing to respond to it at the expiration of eight seconds is adjudged the loser by the referee. This official is jointly chosen by the men or their representatives, and has full control of the pugilists, under the rules, from the time they begin to fight until a decision is reached, and from his dictum there is no appeal.



NO FLIES ON SULLIVAN.

Besides the referee, who is the judge of the battle, there are timekeepers, who stand together and keep the time of the battle. It is very important that these men act honestly and fairly, for often in critical times a few seconds added to a man's resting time does wonders in restoring him when out of breath or shocked by a blow. Consequently each man appoints a timekeeper, and each of these watchers is a check on the other. Each man also has an umpire, whose duty it is to look out for his principal and see that his opponent does not foul him in any manner, in which event he immediately appeals to the referee and calls his attention to the matter.

Each man has two seconds and often other attendants. The seconds groom him for the fight, pick him up and carry him to his corner if he is knocked down or thrown down, and carefully attend to his injuries if he has received any. In the resting spells between the rounds they refresh him by sponge baths and by fanning him, and, in short, by every means in their power endeavor to keep him as strong as possible. They also watch the fight closely, and advise him from time to time how best to avoid injury at the hands of his antagonist, and to inflict the most upon him.

The "ring" in which the men contend is made by driving eight stakes or posts into the ground in such a manner that when entwined with inch ropes they form a square inclosure twenty-four feet each way. The top rope is about four feet six inches and the bottom one about two inches from the ground. The men toss a coin for choice of corners, and the winner generally takes the one which will cause the sun to shine in his opponent's eyes while he is fighting, as he is in duty bound to take the one diagonally opposite him. A short straight line is drawn in the center of the ring, which is called the "scratch," and at the end of "time," after each round, the men are required to toe this line, or rather to advance as near to it as circumstances will permit.

At present it looks as though there were only two ways of preventing the fight. First, by the inability of the parties to agree upon a referee, and, secondly, through police interference. There is likely to be a good deal of trouble in getting a referee. In the first place, many of the most suitable men for the place in the North will not leave their business at this season of the year to come to the fight. It is a long, hot and weary journey to New Orleans, and he must be directly interested or a hot enthusiast of pugilism who would make it. Mike McDonald will not come. Dick Roche won't and can't, and ditto Al Smith. These three are fair-minded men, who could be depended on to do justice to both fighters. On the other hand, a large number of the more prominent neutral sporting men of the South come North in the summer, so that the number of suitable and available men for the place will be found very limited indeed. Perhaps, after all, it will be found necessary to have two referees, as was the case when John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought, and when Sullivan and Paddy Ryan contended at Mississippi City. In that event, if there is a dispute about a foul or any incident of the fight it may be difficult to secure a unanimous decision.

The croaking insinuation that there will be no fight has nearly ceased. The best-informed now believe that the men will meet in a 24-foot ring, and that, as has been written, the best man will win.

Kilrain's tactics will be of a defensive order, and his purpose will be to worry Sullivan and to wind him, if that is possible.

It is thought that there will be between three or four



BOONEY OFFICIATING AS KILRAIN.

thousand people at the ring side if the battle occurs within close proximity to this city. Bud Renaud, as is told above, has complete charge of all arrangements for the excursion, and the gate receipts are sure to amount to something in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$5.50 to this office, RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Tickets will cost \$10 apiece, the same price as those for the Sullivan-Ryan mill, and another V will entitle a spectator to a camp stool seat within an outer ring. There is hardly likely to be any trouble at the ring side from disgruntled bettors, since every precaution will be taken.

The interest in New Orleans is growing with every hour, and there will be many club men and prominent citizens at the ring side on the day of the fight.

As to the snug amount of gate receipts it is not known now exactly how they will be divided, and that matter will have to be settled among the principals themselves. Kilrain is quoted as being willing to agree to anything the Sullivan party wish, provided they do not ask that the losing man shall get the largest share of the plum. He will be satisfied to divide the receipts, to let them go entirely to the winning man, or to give winner and loser a stated percentage.

Right here let me say that Frank Stevenson's assignment to select the battle ground for the great championship fight has been anything but a sinecure for the genial Frank. New Orleans sports made it pleasant in the customary way for Stevenson, and he had the assistance of Messrs. E. L. Tyler, R. S. Ferguson, C. W. Rich and A. Clark, of the Queen and Crescent road; Messrs. Bud Renaud, C. H. Hamilton, Prof. Dennis F. Butler and Patrick Kendrick, of New Orleans, besides having Prof. Mike Donovan to aid him in prospecting for a suitable site. No difficulty was found in getting a place for the meeting, as the locality presented many available spots for bringing off the mill, and had it not been for the action of Governor Nichols of Louisiana, who saw fit to sit down hard on the fight and all concerned, everything would have gone on merry as a wedding bell. But Governor Nichols has no respect for prize fighters, and he let them know that fact, as you have already published.

Another proclamation from the Governor of Alabama forbade the fighters entering that State, but, from what I can understand, the fight will take place all the same.

Being a law-abiding citizen myself, and knowing that Mr. Stevenson and those connected with him are the same, I do not care to make the assertion that the law will positively be fractured, but I imagine that the matter has gone so far that the men will fight if they have to do it on neutral ground.

As there is a law against prize fighting in Louisiana it is natural to expect His Excellency would issue this order, even if he did so only as a matter of form. If I remember aright, Gov. McEnery issued just such a



CHEERING SULLIVAN.

proclamation a couple of days before the Sullivan-Ryan fight. But that did not interfere with the battle, for the reason that our train went just over the border, and the ring was pitched in Mississippi. It is by no means certain just now where the fight will be fought, for the reason that we are in easy reach of at least two States, and no outside party will know, even when he boards the train, whether the fight will take place ten miles out of the city or 100, in Louisiana or in Mississippi.

The scene here is exciting in the extreme. Leon La Monte's mammoth pool room is crowded nightly and daily. The room adjoins the St. Charles Hotel and is much like the Astor House, with dining-room, blackboards on wall, nearly 500 chairs, all filled, and with a gallery running across each end. Marsh Redon, well known everywhere, displayed the colors last night, and the crowd cheered to the echo. Every train brings new arrivals, and the hotels are fast filling up.

SULLIVAN GETTING THERE.

Everybody is anxiously awaiting the arrival of the famed pugilists, and we are in constant communication with them and their friends. Our latest dispatches are from Cincinnati, where Sullivan arrived day before yesterday. Cincinnati is crowded with Sullivan's admirers, and he was given a hearty reception there. I clip from the telegram sent here by John L.'s friends:

"When the train reached the Grand Central Depot there were two or three thousand people on hand to welcome the chief passenger. Muldoon dislikes a crowd, and will not allow his charge to pass through one if he can help it. Malloy was bundled up in a big linen duster, the collar of which was turned up to his ears. He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and took Joe Coburn's arm. Malloy is as much like Sullivan as a twin brother might be. Not a man in the crowd knew the difference as the pair stepped out upon the sidewalk and made for the hack which stood at the curb. Hundreds pressed forward to grasp his hand. Those who couldn't do this shouted themselves hoarse, threw their hats in the air and made fools of themselves generally. Malloy and Coburn pushed their way through the jam, sprang into the hack and drove rapidly away, the crowd following in a run, hooting and yelling like madmen. Then it was that Muldoon, Cleary and the 'Big Un' made a sneak and reached the Burnett House unobserved. All the local afternoon newspapers were fooled, and described Malloy's reception as an ovation to Sullivan."

"After reaching the Burnett House Sullivan and his trainers rested for an hour or two. Then they went to the Cincinnati Gymnasium followed by a yelling crowd. They were given a hearty welcome by Supt. Ed Murphy and three or four hundred members. Boston's pride was stripped and put through a course of exercise, which included club swinging, dumbbell work and knocking Supt. Murphy clean across the room in a spirit of pleasantry. Then the strong man took up a skipping rope and skipped 700 times without turning a hair. The spectators were loud in their ex-

pressions of approval and pronounced him fit as a race horse. Next came a bath, supper at the Burnett, a long walk down by the levee and at nine o'clock he was put to bed. Sullivan now takes two fingers of gin morning and night, and drinks a bottle of Bass with each meal.



ARRIVAL OF KILRAIN IN CINCINNATI.

"To-night there is a crowd in front of the Burnett House, feasting their eyes upon the windows of the room in which their idol sleeps. The betting there is \$10 to \$7 in Sullivan's favor, but so far as can be learned no large bets have been made. This may be because of the fact that there is a feeling here that the fight will be prevented by the authorities in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas. There is an undefined rumor afloat, too, that steps have been taken looking to the arrest of the entire Sullivan party as soon as they cross the Mississippi State line. No source can be found for the origin of the rumor, but it certainly has affected some of Sullivan's companions. This is evidenced by the fact that there is now some doubt as to when the party will leave here. The hour originally fixed was seven o'clock to-morrow morning over the Crescent route. Now it is said that they may not go to-morrow at all, but will wait until they know what is going to be done. Muldoon says there will be no postponement of the departure, and Charley Johnston told the correspondent the same thing to-night. Those who profess to have a tip think the other way."

"Sullivan said to-day that there would be a fight anyhow. 'If those duffers,' said he, 'get the officers to interfere and postpone it now we will go into training down there until such a time as it can be fixed. Our traps are all here, and I will never go out of training till I have licked Kilrain or he has done me.'

"Whatever happens, there is to be no organized excursion party beyond this point. Every man in the party will go on his own account, but will, of course, get as close to Sullivan's special car as possible. This car will, if nothing happens, reach New Orleans Friday morning."

At midnight Johnson and Wakely announce that the party will positively leave at 7 to-morrow morning. It is understood that they have a plan by which they hope to avoid arrest in Mississippi.

We will hear from Kilrain later, as he was booked to start yesterday.

Later.—Sullivan and his party have just arrived. Will give full particulars to-morrow. H.

KILRAIN ON HIS WAY.

BALTIMORE, July 4.—Camden Station yesterday resembled a monster picnic. Hundreds of sporting men were present at the depot long before 12 o'clock anxiously awaiting the arrival of the "Police Gazette" champion who was expected to take train at high noon for New Orleans. It was about two o'clock when the carriage bearing Kilrain drove up, and as he stepped from the vehicle the boys gave him a cheer. Accompanying him were his trainers, Charley Mitchell and Johnny Murphy, and Pony Moore, the busiest man in the party. He wore a little white jockey cap on the side of his head and Kilrain's colors about his neck. He hurried along the platform carrying Jake's luggage. One of the porters volunteered to relieve him of his load, but Moore waved him aside with an emphatic "No, sir; I'll attend to that work myself," and he did not rest until the baggage was deposited in the car near Jake's berth. Then he went forward and was introduced by Mitchell to the New York sporting men who had come here to accompany Kilrain. They were R. H. Parker, Hugh Cullom, William O'Neill, James Hill, of Albany; Dominick McCaffrey, who said he rep-



CHEERING KILRAIN.

resented a New York newspaper; Billy Madden, Ed Sharkey, Dave Hollins, Bob Turnbull, Oily Wilson and Pat Rooney, the comedian. Ed Plummer, representing the Sporting Life of London, was also of the party.

Kilrain was the object of all eyes, and went through an ordeal of handshaking. He was attired in a dark sack coat, light trousers, flannel shirt, and flat straw hat, worn on the back of his head. He had come in from the track this morning, after going through his regular exercise; and stopped at his house until train time. The parting from his wife was a pathetic one. Notwithstanding every effort to repress them, tears rolled from the eyes of the little woman and nearly unmanned Jake. She accompanied him to the door, and with Mrs. Mitchell, who remains here until after the fight, watched the carriage until it turned a corner and passed from sight.

Kilrain feels confident as ever, and left in the best possible spirits. His face was unshaven and he looked tired and serious, though he assured every one that he

NEXT WEEK!—Be sure you get the POLICE GAZETTE No. 427. There will be presented a double-page colored supplement, the subject of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with late details of the battle.

RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher.

felt tip-top. He is hard as a rock, but looks a trifle too fine. His cheeks are sunken and the color only fair. His eyes lack lustre, but that is characteristic of the man, even when out of training.

Mitchell has very nearly decided to work his man up to Sunday, and has taken every possible precaution to keep him in just that shade of physical condition, in professional parlance, known as "on edge."



KILRAIN OFF FOR THE HOTEL.

Conservative judges consider Jake's stomach and legs his strong points. If Kilrain's blows should lack steam, or later in the fight his massive head should drop forward, he can only blame the prowess of his burly antagonist, or perhaps that six or eight pounds has gone to the bad in this final week of preparation. It looks as though Kilrain had trained for a sprint, and in sporting parlance, may find it difficult to last a distance. Aside from this one blemish, the man looks strong and fit for a bruising battle.

The party have a car all to themselves. It pulled out at 2:15, and as it passed out of the depot the boys gave Kilrain three cheers. Cincinnati will be reached this morning. The party will breakfast at the Grand, and then change to the Queen and Crescent road. They leave Cincinnati at 7:55 A. M., will reach Chattanooga on Thursday night, and New Orleans on Friday morning at 11 o'clock. Frank Stevenson notified Kilrain that he had selected quarters for him in the western part of the city, and that he could resume exercise almost immediately after his arrival. There is no truth in the report that Kilrain is to appear at Donovan's benefit on Saturday night. Jake is to be kept away from public gaze until the time of the fight. He will not drink Mississippi water, Mitchell having provided himself with a quantity of water for Jake's use.

Soon after the train pulled out the occupants of the car noticed a stranger seated immediately opposite Kilrain. The latter had already started a game of auction-pitch with Pony Moore and paid little or no attention to his neighbor, but the others did; and when Mitchell discovered that he was a Catholic priest his joy was unbounded. Prize fighters are, as a rule, superstitious, and Kilrain considers the presence of a priest when on his way to a fight a sign of good luck. When crossing the English Channel on his way to fight Smith he met a priest on the boat, and it inspired him with renewed confidence. The newspaper men on board tried to get the priest's name, but he positively



KILRAIN AT THE MERCHANTS' CLUB.

declined to give it. He was on his way from Emmittsburg to St. Louis, and had accidentally gotten among the sports. He looked over his traveling companions with much interest, it being the first time, apparently, that he had been caught in a crowd of this kind. He was treated with the utmost consideration by all on board, and his presence was not without its effect on the sports. There was no profanity on the car, and the venerable priest was as undisturbed in the contemplation of the scenes within and the scenery without as though seated at the window in his own study.

CUMBERLAND, Md., July 4.—The Baltimore and Ohio train due here at 7 P. M. was delayed by a storm. Kilrain and his party were on board in the car Sarvy. The party took supper at the Queen City Hotel. Kilrain ate heartily of beefsteak, soft-shell crabs, scrambled eggs, hot rolls and two cups of tea. Wm. Taylor waited upon him. The dining room was crowded and had to be cleared by the police. Kilrain said he did not want to talk; he wanted to eat, but felt first-rate and expected a good night's sleep. Next to this car was the Euridice, with Congressman John Q. Cannon, of Illinois, on board, and on the rear of the train, in the private car Baltimore, were Mrs. Harrison, "Baby McKee," Private Secretary Halford, Dr. Scott, Mrs. Harrison's sister, and others, on their way to Deer Park. The President, who is now at Woodstock, Conn., will join them at Deer Park in a few days. They did not leave the car.

DEER PARK, Md., July 4.—Just before the train reached Deer Park Mrs. Harrison sent for Dr. Dougherty, Kilrain's friend, to attend the baby, who had been accidentally struck on the head with a cane in the hands of Baby McKee. Dr. Dougherty found that no damage had been done. Mrs. Harrison then invited him to Deer Park, but he declined, saying that he had to go to New Orleans with Kilrain.

Mrs. Harrison asked if Sullivan had a physician with him, and the doctor told her that Muldoon was his doctor.

"Oh, I think Kilrain shows so much better judgment," said Mrs. Harrison, "and I certainly wish him success."

Before leaving the car the doctor drank a glass of wine with Mrs. Harrison.

Will telegraph you later regarding the progress of our party.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 5.—From Deer Park to Cincinnati Kilrain's tour was one streak of ovation and enthusiasm, as it were. Natives all along the route cheered until their throats took fire, and swung their hats full of holes. Kilrain rarely showed himself, however, as he was taking much needed rest in his berth. His friends, however, sat up pretty much all of the time and treated the fast-departing telegraph poles and rural villages to snatches of song and stories of battles fought and battles lost and won. Pat Rooney, every time the train stopped to ball off the tank (boiler tank), bowed to the crowds and made short speeches, thanking the inhabitants for their kindness in thus greeting them.

Kilrain was up betimes on the morning of the glorious Fourth, and as the train rolled into the Central Depot at Cincinnati, and as the announcement was made that because of its being two hours behind time the party would be compelled to remain in town all day, no one was sorry. The champion was especially pleased, as he is not inordinately fond of railroad traveling. Immediately after his arrival he was driven to the Burnet House. The first thing he did was to take a bath, after which he was rubbed down by Mitchell and Murphy. Breakfast came next, and then a rest. Instead of taking his usual morning walk he used the clubs and dumbbells for two hours. A short nap followed, from which he awoke very much refreshed and in excellent spirits. The afternoon was spent in walks about the town. Very few of the public recognized Jake or Mitchell, as they concealed their identity as much as possible.

At the Burnet House large crowds packed the doorways and corridors. Some one in the crowd called for Pony Moore, and George Cassidy was pointed out as the man. He kept up the joke for a little while, but



SULLIVAN TRAINING ON TRAIN.

the gags became so strong against him that he was obliged to seek shelter in the reading room.

In the evening the crowd was even greater than throughout the day. The billiard room was so densely packed that several policemen had to be called in to clear away the crowd. Jake played billiards with nearly every member of the party, but he only defeated one or two inferior players, his handling of the cue being anything but steady. He was called upon by at least twenty reporters, who saw him in his room. To each one he repeated that he was in good trim and hoped to win the fight.

Mitchell, speaking for Kilrain, said the Baltimore party would take the "Police Gazette" special, which left your city yesterday, in the morning, which was announced to reach New Orleans Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. From the depot Kilrain will go immediately to his quarters in the West End, where he will remain until the morning of the fight. The stop over in Cincinnati was decided upon by Mitchell, who thought it would benefit Jake by keeping him out of the hot and unfamiliar climate of New Orleans for a day at least.

In conversation with Kilrain to-night, I asked him if he thought he would win. His reply was that, barring accident, he would win in less than twenty rounds. He says he does not fear interference from either the authorities or those at the ring side, and his partisans are taking all the bets they can get to-night.

Kilrain was eager to deny the report given out by certain newspapers that "he was lushing beer on the Fourth." "I personally know that this is not true. Said Kilrain on this subject:

"I wouldn't care a penny about it if it wasn't that the



SULLIVAN DOING THE SKIPPING-ROPE ACT.

report will go East to my friends and they may think I am not doing right by them. I am sorry this thing happened in Cincinnati, because it is a rank Sullivan town and makes me think Sullivan's friends are unfair to me. However, it doesn't matter. After I have whipped Sullivan they will all hurrah for me."

After a good long rest the party once again started

NEXT WEEK!—Be sure you get the POLICE GAZETTE No. 420. There will be presented a double colored supplement, the subject of which will be a photograph of the men as they appear in the ring, taken at the scene of battle by our special artist, together with late details of the battle.

RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher.

south, and at eleven o'clock this morning they arrived in Lexington, Ky.

Jake was first up to-day, turning out at six o'clock.

After punching the bag and playing with the dumbbells he was well rubbed down. He said he was as



ARRIVAL OF KILRAIN IN NEW ORLEANS.

hungry as a bear and spent every spare moment at breakfast up to the departure of the train. Kilrain's car was surrounded by local sports, who cheered lustily as the train pulled out of the Cincinnati depot. Many of them have already bet on John L., but still this did not prevent them from giving Jake a send-off.

Of course everybody living along the line of the railroad knew that he was coming, and at each station he received an ovation. At Walton, Williams-town and Georgetown the crowds could scarcely be restrained.

Pony Moore, Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey were in great spirits. Pony Moore said to-day that when he reached New Orleans he proposed to put a good bet on Jake, and then, if he lost it, to match Mitchell against Sullivan for all the money that the Big Fellow and his friends could raise.

It was intended that Kilrain should take his dinner here, but he got so hungry that when he arrived at Oakland he ate there. He only drank some weak tea and ate a piece of stale bread in Chattanooga. No trouble is now expected in getting through Mississippi, as Kilrain intends to break no law against that State.

Even if he should be arrested they could only detain him over night at the longest, require him to give bail to keep the peace, and there are men in every town in Mississippi who can be secured for this purpose if the collateral is put up in cash. There is enough of this material on the train at Jake's disposal to go his bail a hundred times over. Pony Moore alone has over \$15,000 with him.

We reach the borders of Mississippi late to-night, passing clear of the State, if there is no interruption, about 9 o'clock to-morrow. Frank Stevenson and Bud Renaud are looking after things at the extreme border, and are keeping us posted upon developments. We leave Chattanooga at 8 o'clock to-night, possibly arriving in New Orleans at 2 o'clock.

The fact that Detective Norris, of the Pinkerton force, is on the train makes many think that he is going



KILRAIN COMING FROM N. O. DEPOT.

to accompany the Kilrain party to Mississippi and there arrest Kilrain, in order to get the reward offered by the Governor of Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—Kilrain and his party have arrived here in the best of spirits and eager for the coming fray. The talk about the "Police Gazette" champion being afraid to meet his big adversary is all bosh, as you have probably known all along.

The excitement is intense here, and the Baltimore Boy was treated to an ovation such as was never vouchsafed a conquering general, when he arrived here. He was at once hurried to his training headquarters, the picture of which was sent you yesterday.

As sure as a gun is made of iron the fight will take place, unless Providence or the police interfere, and even the two "F's" may be circumvented.

Jake is in excellent condition, and means business with a Big, Big "B." There is a forcible impression among his opponents that this is true, and if you hear of reports to the contrary, whisper the word "hedge" in their ears.

Before the Kilrain delegation arrived in New Orleans Sullivan had the call in the betting, and every one swore by the star and the Voodoo Queen, who holds sway over the destinies of the old denizens of New Orleans, that he would knock out Kilrain, although they had no line to convince them that their notions and ideas were correct.

The Kilrain delegation freely discussed the merits of both men, and many of the unprejudiced were by sound reasoning made to, to use the vernacular, "shift the cut," and place their money on Kilrain. Bud Renaud, the king-pin sporting man of the Crescent City, who holds sway socially and politically, and whose opinion is considered worthy of following, gave those who believed that neither Sullivan nor Kilrain intended to face each other in the charmed circle confidence by assuming the management of the great fistic carnival, and when he instructed George Hamilton, of Mississippi, who is a plunger, to take chances and back Kilrain, hundreds who had flocked around Sullivan's banner forsook the Boston pugilist's standard and enlisted their sympathy and fortunes with Kilrain.

After it was announced that Renaud ("Monte Cristo"), who is the president of the Merchants' Club, had decided to manage the affair, letters from Alabama, Colorado, California, Georgia, Mississippi, and in fact from every State in the Union, daily came like a hail storm, so that he had to engage secretaries to answer them.

Every State in the Union has sent delegations to New Orleans, which is the Mecca of the admirers of pugilism and the starting point to the "trysting place"

where the gladiators are to battle face to face for fame, wealth, glory and the largest stake ever contended for in the annals of the ring.

One of the drawbacks in the affair in regard to speculation was the Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan battle in 1882. New Orleans was made the starting point and headquarters of that great fistic encounter. Southern sporting men were carried away by Ryan's gentlemanly manner, and put their money, not only in hundreds, but in thousands of dollars, on his chances of carrying off the palm of victory, the championship and \$7,000, which was the amount dependent upon the issue. Ryan was defeated, the Southern sporting men witnessed his defeat and they lost their money, and now they are backward in backing either Kilrain or Sullivan.

NEW ORLEANS, July 7.—Yesterday afternoon a new phase of the fight occurred. It had been almost settled that the battle was to take place at Arbits Springs, a secluded nook near New Orleans and very near the station of that name. The inside ones had been given the tip and all was going well, when yesterday afternoon Frank Stevenson and Bud Renaud, and Charley Johnston and James Wakeley, held a consultation in the St. Charles Hotel, and it was finally decided to change the ground in order to avoid police interference.

I am not at liberty at the present time to telegraph the exact spot finally agreed upon, for news travels quickly and there might be a possibility of the news being re-telegraphed, and thus the whole matter might be nipped in the bud.

There is no doubt but that Frank Stevenson has had a hard and unenviable time of it here. He looks tired and careworn, and even the sporting men pity him and say that they would not take his place for a thousand dollars. He has scarcely slept a wink since he has been here.

A word as to Kilrain's condition. The rumor has gone abroad that he has been trained down too fine. That's the largest kind of bosh, and it simply isn't true.

Another rumor to the effect that he intended to have himself arrested on his way, or on his arrival, is equal-



ON THE WAY TO THE FIGHT.

ly groundless, as the POLICE GAZETTE readers already know by the reports in the daily papers. Jake means fight and he will get there. He has been working hard ever since his arrival, and will keep it up until he starts for the battle field.

It is so hot here that the men will get to work as early in the morning as possible and before the sun gets in its fine work.

Although the articles call for between 8 and 12 o'clock on the morning of July 8, the backers recognize that it will as fair for one as the other for the battle to come off in the cool of the morning. The first train load, containing newspaper representatives and as many of the fifteen-dollar excursionists as can be crowded aboard, will start from New Orleans on the Queen and Crescent route one hour after midnight to-night. Ten minutes later the second section will move off, and by 2:30 to-morrow morning everybody who is going to see the great encounter will be out of the city. The battle ground will be reached in less than two hours, and the excursionists will have to do the best they can until the castors are shied into the ring. There will be thirty-six special cars to carry the spectators.

Up to 10 o'clock last night Bud Renaud had sold 2,200 tickets. He expects to sell at least one thousand more to-morrow. The railroad company began distributing handbills this afternoon announcing that the meeting would take place on the line of the railroad, and that tickets might be bought at the ticket office.

The question of referee is still undecided. Dominick McCaffrey is mentioned, but it is hardly probable that Sullivan would consent to his serving. Capt. Banham is the most prominent man mentioned thus far, and there is a very general sentiment favoring his selection by both sides. Immediately after the fight Charley Mitchell will take Kilrain North in a special train which was chartered to-day, and if Kilrain is a winner



THE ARRIVAL AT THE BATTLE GROUND.

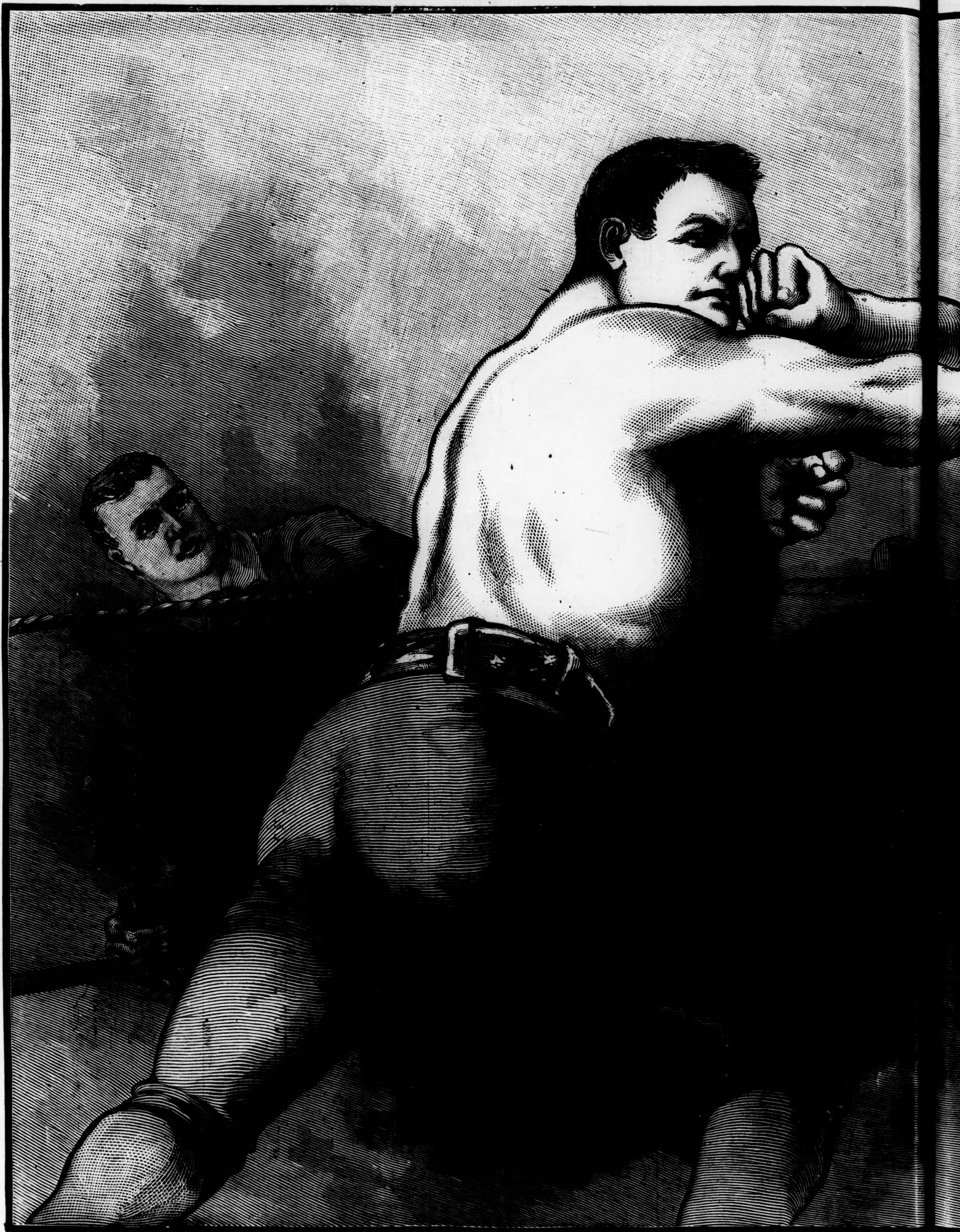
he will be tendered a grand reception and banquet in Baltimore, for which tickets are already on sale. Sullivan will have a reception by the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, and it is said that when he leaves this city he will go to Mexico with Charley Johnston. At the Donovan-Butler benefit at the St. Charles theatre to-night Kilrain made his appearance on the stage and received a flattering reception. He was cheered to the echo, and then somebody proposed cheers for Sullivan, which were given.

Kilrain has greatly impressed the natives by his gentlemanly manners, and if the soft sex could turn the tide of battle the "Police Gazette" champion would be the winner. With all due respect to the ladies, Jake will no doubt get there without their vote in the affirmative.

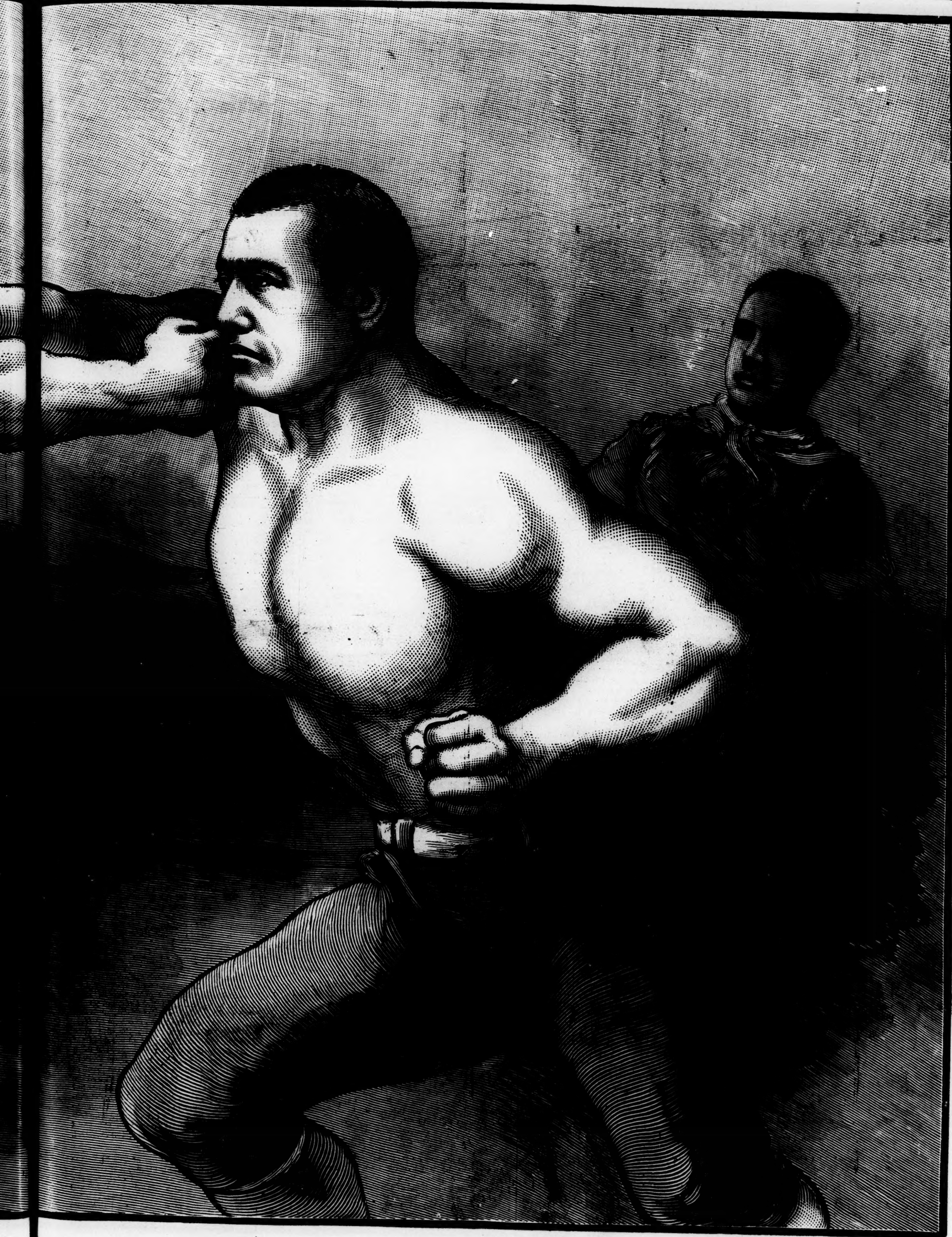
You will hear from me largely to-morrow, and I hope to be able to give the POLICE GAZETTE readers, who are friends of Kilrain, news that will make them jump for joy.

In any event, the fight will be a fair and square one, and may the best man win!

H.



THE TERRIFIC B
JAKE KILRAIN AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN FIGHTING FOR THE \$20,000 STAKES, PO
AT RICHBURG J



BA OF THE GIANTS.

ES, POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION BELT AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD,
URC JULY 8, 1889.

MASKS AND FACES

Buffalo Bill and Boulanger—
Gurgles of Soubrettes.

ROMANCE BY SALTUS.

Jeffreys Lewis in New York—Dog
Carts and Dog Days.

"THE BURGLAR"—CITY AND COUNTRY

Speaking of England and France, I notice that many of our actresses are hurrying across the Big Pond to seek much needed recreation, and the paving stones resound as they hurry over the ground in their cabs to the ferries.



Buffalo Bill has knocked out Boulanger in Paris. The comic paper, *Le Grelot*, had a cut a few weeks ago in which this triumph is cleverly illustrated.

Boulanger in England stands alone, making faces at Buffalo Bill, who has it all his own way in France.

The prettiest women of the capital throng the tents of the cowboys, and the most dandy of dandies pet the girls who shoot and ride.

Paris has always had a pet hobby. Now it's Cora Pearl; now it's Ben Franklin. Now it's Stanley; now it's the Shah. But Paris must have a hobby, and today it's Buffalo Bill.

Our countrywoman, Sybil Sanderson, the opera singer, seems to have caught on there, too, and in great shape.

They praise her face, her form, her voice. I remember when Marie Van Zandt was all the rage. Sculptors sculpted her, painters painted her, poets sang about her, and dukes spent their money on her.

A certain rich banker, Van Heller I believe was his name, offered her the pick of four of his carriages to take her home every night from the playhouse.

But Marie Van Zandt tauntingly told Van Heller that she preferred her pick among the cabs of Paris, the pick was so much larger.

"Ah, Gott!" exclaimed Van Heller, "you girls are so hard to satisfy."

"It ain't an old day like you, Van, that can satisfy any woman," replied Marie.

The biggest theft committed by Mr. Maurice Barrymore as "The Burglar" never equalled in audacity the cool gall of Mr. Gus Thomas.

That gentleman, when the audience called for the author of "Editha's Burglar" at the Madison Square last week, came out and bowed as though such a woman as Mrs. Burnett had never existed or written.

The new version of "The Burglar" is a four-act amplification of "Editha's Burglar," a delightful sketch that acquired a wide popularity last year.

It cannot be said that the amplification is a success.

As a sketch the idea of a burglar entering a room and confronted by his own little girl is novel and interesting.

When made the cardinal scene of a four-act play the thing seems far fetched and strained.

There was a fine cast. Barrymore was excellent as the burglar. He sank his individuality in his part thoroughly and maintained a realistic illusion.

Gertie Homan was sweet and pretty as the little girl who asks the burglar to burgle as quietly as possible, because her papa is asleep in the next room and might wake up if he made a noise.

Emma Sheridan did well her emotional work, and took supper at the St. James after it.

Sydney Drew made a hit as a young attorney, who says clever things in a dry way.

When Barry died in act four, I saw his wife, George Drew, who sat in a box, raise her handkerchief to her eyes.

There was, indeed, considerable audible sniffing and much silent weeping among the audience at this point.

Minnie Dupree played the ingenue part. I confess her soubrette manner, when seen once, as in "Held by the Enemy," pleases a fellow, but when seen in two or three plays, it is apt to pall on one terribly.

The soubrette gurgles, gulps and gasps, so fashionable nowadays, are beginning to make me very tired. Louise Dillon introduced that simpering gulp business.

Hattie Jehell sat in front some twenty-two times and watched Louise Dillon to get it. Then Minnie Dupree caught it.

Now squads of soubrettes would no more do without that gurgle than they would without their haresfoot. It makes me yawn.

Now is the time when the wise Thespian hies him to the country and reads sermons in stones, philosophy in running brooks and good in everything.

This allusion isn't quite straight, I know, but I haven't got a Shakespeare at hand, so it will have to go.

Down at Avondale, N. J., quite a little party of histrions last week got in training for the production of Robertson's "School" at Passaic.

Cora Tinnie studied the part of Naomi and played it better than—well, I'll mention no names. Kathryn Prosser, Geo. Wills, Wynant Van Zandt, Lorimer Johnson and Paul Johnson did the rest of the business.

Luke Martin, who is good with his dukes, sang songs, rode bronchos and kept order.

Altogether a merry party. While the papers gave columns to John Gilbert when he died, they barely gave lines to Frank Saltus when he passed away.

Yet Saltus was a genius, a lover of the drama, poetry, art, a writer, a thinker, a high liver and a free spender. Some day people will appreciate him. He had considerable relations with the stage at one time, and when abroad some years ago he met a very pretty woman, to whom he became attached. It was at Lyons, in France. This actress, Mercedes, had stabbed an actor on the stage, killed him, been tried and acquitted of intentional murder. "I admired that woman," said Saltus. "She was dark, handsome, fiery, voluptuous. I sympathized with her all during the trial. I went to see her for weeks after her acquittal. I wrote her poems. I thought she was a beautiful innocent, injured woman. One day I called and found her more melancholy than ever. I loved her more than ever that day. She looked at me long and sadly. 'You love me?' she asked. 'Will you always love me?' she whispered. 'I do not know,' she whispered. 'I stabbed that man on the stage. They say it was an accident. It was no accident. I hated that man. I intended to stab that man and kill him, and I did kill him! Do you love me now?' I fled from the room," added Saltus, relating this incident. "I fled from the room as though possessed, but the dark, fiery, beautiful face haunted me for months. It was one of those dramas that are never played—the best."

And now Frank Saltus is dead.

Only a short time before he went to his last home he dedicated a poem to *Grisette*, the heroine of the novel which I published here recently.

Will you allow me to reproduce it?

LA GRISSETTE.
(A Monsieur Leo Rosen.)

All smiles and blushes, loving, arch and gay,
Delicious little vixen, merry sprite,
She toils to feed her birds the whole long night,
Or save her bracelets from the pawnshop's prey.

The woods of Meudon find her every May,
With dainty gaiter and saucy bonnet white;
She falls in rapture with each favorite site,
Adores de Kock, and dons upon Musset.

Constant and true to lover, dark or blonde,
His hardships, pains and joys she gladly shares,
Contented with the garret where he dwells,
Never complaining, although madly fond

(After sweet kisses and Beranger's airs)
Of pet canaries and fresh caramels.

Jeffreys Lewis, big and healthy, has arrived in New York laden with the ducats of San Francisco, a child, a maid.

I saw her in a restaurant the other day. You would never have thought she had taken Laura Virgil away from her husband or that Harry Mainhall had ever as alleged, abused her.

Jeffreys Lewis looked sleek, well, hearty, and ate abundantly.

Where is the trio that used to electrify the metropolis?

Where are Sarah Jewett, Maude Granger, Jeffreys Lewis?

Truly the fame of players is fleeting. The women are remembered by a faded photograph in an album, the men by a faded photograph on the wall of a chop house.

I see Bob Roberts occasionally on Broadway these days.

He has been engaged by Dan Frohman for next year. Roberts has had no less than seven offers for this country as a singing light comedian. Patti Rosa wanted very badly to have him in her company and offered him a good round salary. Also Annie Pixley and "Hands Across the Sea." Now H. S. Taylor is rubbing his hands because he has secured Roberts to create the singing comedy part in the Boston production of "A Dog Star."

Mr. Dan Frohman consenting to this engagement.

Don't get the big head, Bob, and you'll be all right.

Horace Vinton, one of the handsomest actors of our time, is engaged for the leading business of "The Dark Secret," and tells me flippantly that he daily takes a plunge into his bath tub to train for some of the artistic demands of his new part.

Randolph Lewis, of the *World*, tells me he saw Marie Kilrain's colors.

The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$5.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

Jansen and James Barton Key taking supper at Train-or's the other night.

It is still a moot point in theatrical circles whether Marie Jansen wasn't at one time Mrs. Barton Key.

However that may be, Randolph Lewis tells me that this manager and ex-singer seemed very happy up there at Train-or's.

By the bye, Marie Jansen, who sat in a box, threw Nettie Lyford a big bouquet of roses the night of Nettie's taking Marie's *Tourloupi* at the Broadway, and Nettie was very much pleased.

Russell and Rice still hold together at the Casino against Gerrish and Urquhart.

Marie Prescott, I hear, is going to play *Iago* in this city shortly.

The dukes will then have another opportunity to see a pair of legitimate legs.

By legitimate legs, I mean the legs of ladies of the legitimate, in contradistinction to ladies of the variety, the burlesque or the comic opera branches of theatrical industrial art.

Such legitimate legs I'd call those of Coghlan, Modjeska, Davenport, Marlowe, Langtry and Anderson. *Comprenez vous?* as Jimmy Powers would say in *Parce*.

During the dog days, when the family is away, Lothario takes the chorus girl, Pussy Mincer, out for a spin through the Park on his dog cart.

Lothario deals in gloves, or his papa does, and he has lots of tin.

Pussy earns twelve a week and has twelve summer bonnets.

"Isn't your voice rather light?" timidly asks Lothario, as they bowl along.

And Pussy answers, comely: "I have a voice that matches my costume, I'd have you understand, freshly. And my voice weighs more than your brains, anyway."

ROSEN.

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Boldt, a fisherman, who went to Astoria, Ore., recently from Gloucester, Mass., and John W. Lucas, a Canadian, were the principals in a prize fight, followed by a duel to the death. Boldt and Lucas quarrelled over some salmon, and at the suggestion of friends agreed to settle the dispute with bare knuckles, under Queensberry rules. Proceeding to the old cemetery north of the city, a ring was pitched and the contestants stripped. Seven rounds were fought, the result being that Lucas was knocked out with a swinging right-hand blow that broke his jaw.

When Lucas recovered consciousness he made the claim that he had been fouled, and expressed his willingness to continue the contest, this time with either pistols or knives. Boldt preferred pistols, and, taking positions twenty paces apart, the word was given. Four shots were exchanged. One of the bullets lodged in Boldt's forearm, breaking the bone, and another in Lucas' neck. Lucas was carried to the hospital, where an examination showed his wound to be fatal. Boldt was lodged in jail. This is the first duel ever fought in Oregon since it was admitted to the Union.

IT SHOULD CHANGE ITS NAME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. L. T. Smith, a physician, of Pleasant Unity, Pa., was aroused by a loud rap at his door at two o'clock on the morning of July 2. Upon asking the cause, he was told that a man wanted a tooth pulled. The doctor had no sooner opened the door than he was confronted by three men, all masked, who, with drawn revolvers, demanded his money. Resistance was in vain. He was knocked down, beaten and left for dead. The desperadoes then overpowered the other inmates of the household, and ransacked the premises. About \$500 was obtained by the desperadoes, who then disappeared in the darkness. The alarm was given as soon as they departed, and scores of men started upon the trail of the robbers, but up to a late hour the pursuit had proved futile. Dr. Smith is in a critical condition, and his injuries may prove fatal.

A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four women and two men were found dead in a notorious dive at No. 47 Ryle avenue, Paterson, N. J. They had died from asphyxiation, caused by the escape of gas from a gas stove. The women were found lying on the floor in one of the rooms, and were identified as Kate White, Emma Wright, Sarah and Kate McNally. The men were found in a back room. One of them was the keeper of the dive, John Gottfried, and the other an unknown Italian. Gottfried was almost 80 years of age, and for more than a year had used his dingy dwelling as a den where the vilest debauchery was carried on nightly.

A MADMAN RUNS AMUCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sheriff Ramsey, Deputy Sheriff Rollins and a man named Blouse, of Lucas county, Ia., started to arrest a man named McGinnis recently, who was thought to be crazy. McGinnis, seeing their approach, drew a revolver and shot Sheriff Ramsey through the head, killing him instantly. Deputy Sheriff Rollins returned the fire and shot McGinnis through the lower jaw. McGinnis then fired at Rollins, hitting him in the arm. The lunatic next turned on Blouse, but before he could fire Blouse shot him through the head. Rollins and McGinnis will both die.

A NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An accident, by which many lives were lost and a large number of people injured, occurred on the Norfolk and Western Railroad at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of July 2 one mile above Flaxton's switch, Va., and this was miles above Lynchburg. Rain had been falling almost continuously and at times very heavily for twenty-four hours, swelling the mountain streams greatly.

Several trains had passed over the road during the night, and it was thought that the line was safe for traffic. At the place of the accident, however, the water had undermined the roadbed and caused a washout about 80 feet long and 50 feet wide. The water at this point was from 8 to 10 feet deep.

Into this watery gulch the engine of a passenger train made a frightful leap while running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, carrying with it the tender and eight cars. As the engine struck bottom the rush-

ing of the water into the locomotive exploded the boiler. The force of the explosion threw wreckage in every direction, injuring some of the persons on the train and scattering firebrands which ignited the woodwork of the coaches.

The flames spread and destroyed a large amount of mail and express matter, besides spreading a panic among the already frightened passengers. It is supposed that some of the passengers were unable to extricate themselves from the wreck and were consumed in the flames, but it is difficult to get accurate information, as the employees of the Norfolk and Western Railroad refuse to give any information to the public.

It is impossible to say how many persons were killed, but the most reliable estimate places the number between ten and twelve. The number of wounded is far in excess of the number killed.

MR. BURTON AND HIS GUN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time past the Rev. Robert Gaines, pastor of a country Baptist church about twenty miles from Birmingham, Ala., has been holding a revival meeting. Recently it closed, and he had fifteen converts to baptize. Mr. Gaines has always baptized his converts in a mill pond belonging to a Mr. Burton. When they arrived at the pond they found Mr. Burton there with a shotgun, and he informed the clergyman that he did not believe in immersion, and would have no more of it in his mill pond. The preacher asked all Christians present to kneel, and he then offered up a prayer for the wicked Mr. Burton's soul, after which the baptismal party scooted.

A VICIOUS BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The house of John Webber, of La Crosse, Wis., was entered by a burglar recently through a window in a room occupied by Webber's two daughters, Kate and Lena. While the burglar was searching the girls' clothing they awoke, and Lena, the youngest sister, aged 18, attempted to escape. In doing so she fell, and before she could arise the burglar plunged into her body a knife, making a gash nine inches long. The rascal then attempted to stab the other girl, but did not succeed. He escaped, and the entire police force are looking for him.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY CHLOROFORMED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently the residence of Daniel Rhinehardt, of Jackson Township, Ind., was entered by burglars and the entire family were chloroformed and \$1,200 in cash taken from a bureau. The thieves then entered his store adjoining and made a haul of jewelry, cutlery and other valuables there. The family were so completely under the influence of the drug that their condition was not realized until the evening, when the neighbors broke into the house. A young child may not recover.

JOLLY JEFF DE ANGELIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jeff De Angelis, one of the cleverest comedians on our stage, was born in San Francisco, Cal. He comes of the famous De Angelis family, and appeared on the boards as a mere boy. For years he did sketches and traveled all over the world. Mr. De Angelis has been with Col. McCaull, in comic opera, some four seasons, and forms one of his strongest cards.

A WATERSPOUT ON A TEAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The city of Altoona, Pa., was struck by a waterspout recently and great damage was done. The rain poured down in torrents, overflowing the streets and bursting the sewers. During the storm Mrs. H. L. Nicholson, wife of the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agent, was struck by lightning and seriously injured.

HAD RATS IN HIS GARRET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Elizabeth, N. J., seems to have run wild last week, six cases of insanity having been brought to the notice of the authorities. One of the cases was that of James McNierney who, while demented, ran a race with a railroad train. He was captured by the engineer and fireman and lodged in jail.

AMABLE AGNES EVANS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Agnes Evans, whose beautiful figure and face are reproduced in our dramatic gallery this week, was for three years the principal soprano in Evans and Hoy's "Parley Match," and is to figure next season as one of the leading attractions of the May Howard Burlesque Company.

TWO LUCKY MEN.

"Having been asked many times regarding my fortunate investment in the Louisiana State Lottery, I do not object to making a statement concerning it," said A. Keller, as our reporter asked for a statement. "Some time since I was a member of a club for one month and sent a couple of dollars to the Louisiana State Lottery, but without drawing any prize. This time I sent one dollar in my own name, and received one-twentieth of ticket No. 34,281 in return. This ticket drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. I sent my ticket for collection, and within five days I received a draft on the Bank of Commerce, at St. Louis for \$2,500. I have not used the money yet. I am well pleased with my investment of one dollar. Of course I was delighted. I have determined to invest this money in real estate, and hope to double it by another fortunate investment. The Lottery company certainly dealt fairly with me, and I shall patronize them again."—Lamar (Mo.) Democrat, June 13.

Shortly before the May drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, John Shultz, a driver of a slop wagon, purchased one-twentieth of ticket No. 38,847, which drew on May 14th \$100,000. The ticket was placed with the Salina National bank on May 20th for collection, and on May 31 the bank paid to Shultz \$5,000. He has been in the habit of investing each month for some time past, and at last has realized his dream of years.

A beautiful 80-acre farm, well stocked, will soon be in the possession of Jno. Shultz, the slop wagon driver, as he stated to a Republican representative that he was now negotiating to exchange his \$5,000 for a home in his old age.—Salina (Kas.) Republican, June 6.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$5.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

BYRNE-BUCKENBERGER.

The Two Gentlemen Have a Run-in,
and Byrne Wins.

GENERAL BASEBALL NOTES.

It cost the Boston club management \$2,500 to find there was not, for them, a barrel of money in baseball. St. Louis is a funny place for Herr to be; but, so long as they are at loggerheads, it may be a better place than Milwaukee. Melser has caught on in great shape at Worcester, and his many admirers presented him with a gold-headed umbrella a few days since, as an evidence of their esteem. Burdock has caught right on in New Haven, and is handling the team in magnificent form.



It is almost a certainty that the New Yorks will win the League championship this season, and if the Brooklyn should by any possibility take the Association pennant, would it not be a grand scheme for them to play a series of 140 championship games, and make a tour of the earth in doing so? Talk about Spalding's great trip, why, it would place it so far in the shade that it would never be known that he made a trip around the world.

Rochester is endeavoring to have a special meeting called of the International Association, so that they can get "hunk" on the Toledo for the deal they received from them.

The trouble with Deescher is that he got spoiled while umpiring in the League. His ideas were all right, but they were on too grand a scale for the International Association people to readily comprehend. He is a nice, fat fellow, however, and answers most admirably for the soup.

Harvard College has turned out a "dude" pitcher who wears spectacles. It is thought before another season rolls round the rest of the team, who have not quite so much to do, will be going it with one eye glass. Now his goggles, Will White, has a rival in the pitcher's box, and he had better look sharp for his laurels.

Anson was considered the greatest general in the baseball business while the Chicago club was on top. But now he is regarded as a big, chronic kicker, and no one pays any attention to him.

Umpire Gaffney says that during his five years service as umpire in the League and Association, he has never seen a player upon the field intoxicated. We rather admire the manner in which Gaffney has put it, as it leaves one under the impression that there are no drinking men in the baseball arena.

New Haven begins to feel her oats now that Burdock is at the helm, and is protesting against the result of the game of June 24 with Newark, on the ground that Dooms was illegally substituted for Miller, in the batting order. They hope to win with ease if they can get the game thrown out and another chance to play it.

Swarts and McCarthy, of the Kansas City club, after holding a conference, have come to the conclusion that the corridor of a hotel is a very poor place to pitch a ring. It was further agreed that each should give a hundred dollars to the manager for the inconvenience that gentlemen was put to by their having had their mill take place in the hotel.

Four Fred Pfeiffer is getting it in the neck from the Chicago people at present, just as Johnny Ward did a year ago from the New Yorkers. Every time Fred makes an error the crowd all yell at him to read his own book on scientific ball playing.

Clarkson tried some of his funny business at Pittsburg, by sitting on the fence and giving Sowers signs as to how to pitch for different batsmen, in order to take them at a disadvantage. The players got on to his work, and the umpire hustled him out quicker than a streak of greased lightning.

New matter how easy going a man may be, he has to get tired sometimes. Now, it was thought that Mahoney, one of the Atlantic League umpires, was one of the best-natured men in America, but, despite his even temper, he was so much exasperated by that Frenchman, Flanagan, of the Wilkesbarre, that he was really compelled to fine him \$20 in order to induce him to close that foul trap of his. It was the first fine he has ever inflicted, and he has been in the business for three years.

There are many ball players who kick like demons because they have to do the bench-warming set, but that is not the case with Slattery, of the New Yorks, as that is his favorite occupation. He believes in taking life easy while the other slaves to their duty are hard at work in the broiling hot sun. After being laid off during the greater portion of the season with a game leg, he no sooner was compelled to report for duty than he had a finger split so badly in a practice game that you would imagine a Gatling battery had been at work on it.

Minneapolis would like to sell Keogan's release; but they will have to wait a long while before they get a bidder. When a club is so extreme, it is anxious to get rid of a pitcher as they are it is not an indication that his services are in great demand.

The New Yorks were very well pleased with their recent sojourn in Cleveland, as the home team left no stone unturned in their efforts to give our boys an enjoyable time.

When a crook stoops so low as to rob a ball player then we will be bold enough to say that he is not an honorable thief, and should be blacklisted without further delay. A man of that brand is not respectable enough to travel in good society. It is said by a leading sporting paper that hotel thieves were the guilty villains who committed the robberies on Gastright, Ferson and O'Day. If this be true every one of them ought to be arrested. We had an idea that hotel thieves only stole from the proprietors.

Foreman gave such grand promise of becoming a phenomenal pitcher that he became too reckless and tried to step into the chute about half way up and walk to the top of the slide. It was rather icy, and he not only went to the bottom of the chute like a flash of forked lightning, but he went the full length of the runway, passing all of the minor league clubs and bringing up with a semi-professional team in a little country town near a minor league city. He must have had steel runners on his toboggan.

The loafers are not all dead yet. We are sorry to admit that there are a few of them in the baseball business. But they, we

are happy to say, are west of the Mississippi river. Mr. Traffy and Mr. Maculier, of the Des Moines club, two highly polished gentlemen, after storing away the contents of a drug store in their stomachs, by way of encouragement, went at Umpire Clark, whom they found sitting upon a chair in a hotel, and played football with him. It seems that Clark had given a decision several days before which displeased these gentlemen, who were too cowardly to go at him single-handed, for fear of biting off more than either one of them could chew, so they did their dirty work jointly. So far as Clark is concerned, it makes no difference. But it seems a pity that two respectable ball players should wear out their shoes on an umpire's head, face and body, and then have to replace them with their own money. That was the meanest part of the whole business, as not one of the spectators offered to "chip in" to get them new shoes.

It may be considered a good scheme to abolish the sale of beer and other intoxicating liquors on some of the National League and American Association grounds, but it would never do in New York or Brooklyn. In the first place, the public would not stand it, and in the next, the bar privilege alone in New York is worth \$5,000 per year, and Brooklyn is not much behind that figure. There is one thing certain, and that is so long as ball playing is continued in this vicinity we will get all the stuff we want to drink.

Hardie Richardson is considered one of the finest horsemen in the United States; but his favorite steed is "Charlie horse." Dunlap is not getting old, but he declines to slide for fear of splinters. He may have had a sad experience in that line when a small boy, and if so he has our sympathy, as we have had some experience in that line ourselves. This thing of eating your meals from off the mantelpiece is not the most fascinating sensation that you can imagine. Captain Dunlap, in our judgment, shows his long head by not sliding, but leaves that part of the baseball work to the young and inexperienced players. He has gotten beautifully over catching birds by sprinkling salt on their tails.

There is nothing sadder or sadder to hear a ball player making a bluff about retiring from the arena and accepting a clerkship. In the first place, there is no other business they could go into where they could make anything like as much money as at baseball. Then, again, there is the baseball player in the country who has been accustomed, virtually, to leading a life of indolence by working two hours a day, for a period of six months, who could settle down to close confinement from eight to ten hours a day and continue at this drudgery for the whole twelve months in the year, with a possible two weeks' vacation in the summer? Oh no, boys! Come off. Don't give us this old chestnut. It won't work for a cent.

The management of the Pittsburgh club are so well pleased with their players that they are in constant terror for fear of their being stolen. Therefore, they hire two detectives to shadow them when they are not playing ball. It is not that they are afraid they may drink, because they are not drinking men.

Comiskey, of the St. Louis Browns, thinks the Brotherhood a grand scheme, and says there should, by all means, be one formed in the American Association. The greatest importance of it is shown by the manner in which Davidson has fined the Louisville players.

There is one grand mistake that seems to be overlooked by both the League and the Association, and that is the salary of the umpire. That official has the most difficult work to perform of any player in the game, but still his services do not seem to be appreciated. The magnates do not hesitate to pay their men big salaries, or even to carry more men than they have use for, and all at larger salaries than the umpire receives, still at the bare mention of a first-class umpire receiving a first-class salary they go into a fit and foam and froth at the mouth. A competent umpire is half the game, which everybody fully knows, but that is not the point. He will not do his work for nothing, and the magnates will not give up more than a mere pittance, as they feel perfectly contented to shift all the blame on the poor umpire and have him fired if he does not favor them at home.

Boston thought that Sowers was not good enough to pitch against the Indianapolis club while the bean-eaters were in Hoozlerdom, so his request was utterly ignored and the brilliant star, Clark, son and Radbourne, did the work, and Sowers had the gratification of seeing them pounce all over the field.

Frank Murphy made the discovery that the company he was in was a trifle too fast for him to keep up with; so, at his own request, he was released by the Wilkesbarre club.

Buckenberger had a run in with Charley Byrne, while the Columbus club was in Brooklyn, on their last trip, and he was taught a lesson which he is not likely to forget very soon. The gentleman from Ohio got independent, in fact saucy, but it did not take him long to find out that he had no child to deal with. In the absence of the regular umpire the Columbus club refused to accept the regular local substitute. Therefore, while they were sulking like a lot of school children, Mr. Byrne instructed the umpire to take his position and call play. This was done, and at the expiration of five minutes the game declared forfeited to the Brooklyn club. Then Mr. Byrne showed Mr. Buckenberger the baseball law. He first showed him the clause which provides for a postponed game being played the first day when the clubs were together. Then he showed him the clause providing a fifteen hundred dollar fine if he took his club from off the field. Furthermore he informed Mr. Buckenberger that they had three postponed games to play, and he would instruct the umpire to take his position and call play; then, after waiting five minutes, to declare the game forfeited; then do the same with each of the other two. This opened the eyes of Mr. Buckenberger, and he sent his men in to play. As much as he had objected to the umpire, it is worthy of note that his team won the game with the utmost ease.

Washington must be a great city to play ball in, as there is not a player that goes to that town that does not get all the ball playing he wants in a very short space of time and is ready to get out at any cost. You never hear of one of these fellows refusing to allow themselves to be sold or traded.

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READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—J is correct. B. C., Carrollton, Mo.—Yes, you were correct. A. O., Hermosa, N. M.—See answer to E. B. S. CONSTANT READER, Tennessee, Cal.—The English.

J. G., Harrison, N. J.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1868, at Boston, Mass.

P. J. K., Greenpoint, N. Y.—Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y., and not Greenpoint.

W. L. M., Atoka Station, Tenn.—See sporting columns for notice of your performance.

H. W. R., Manitou Springs, Col.—One mile, 1:39½, Ten Broeck, May 24, '77, Louisville, Ky.

M. F., Columbia, N. Y.—An English gold sovereign weighs 5 pennyweights and 2 grains.

W. J. CHURCH, Frewsburg, N. Y.—F. Hewitt, New Zealand, 500 yards, 1 minute 58½ seconds.

R. S., Oakfield, N. Y.—Mand S., foaled in 1874; mile record 2:05½, at Cleveland, Ohio, July 30, 1885.

M. F. H., Browns, Ill.—Jake Kilrain is the holder of the "Police Gazette" heavy-weight championship belt.

E. S. & D., Milwaukee, Wis.—The belt is a fair one, and must go, unless the articles to the match forbid it.

J. J. O'R., Oakland, Md.—London prize ring rules, over 154 pounds is heavy-weight. Charley Mitchell fights at 170 pounds.

G. K., Ironton, Col.—Carlie D. Graham went through the whirlpool rapids, Niagara, encased in a barrel, in the summer of 1884.

P. S., Fort Smith, Ark.—Sullivan broke his arm in a contest with Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill., at Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 15, 1887.

C. H., Forest City, Cal.—Have never heard of him. A number travelled with the same show who were never heard of before nor since.

E. L. D., Taylorville, Col.—Your performance is good. Seek a backer among your friends, then post a forfeit and issue a challenge.

A. B., Spencer, Mass.—Above 154 pounds is heavy-weight according to the London F. R. rules. Mitchell is in the heavy-weight class.

R. X. Y., New Milford.—Did Syracuse Stars and Newark B. B. C. play in same League in 1887? Yes. To second question the answer is no.

P. S., East Lincoln, Wis.—Have photographs of leading actors and actresses, American and European. Price, 10 cents each. Have no colored photographs.

J. M. D., Princeton, N. J.—Drake Carter and Miss Woodford ran a heat race at Sheephead Bay on September 20, 1884, Miss Woodford winning in straight heat.

J. G., New York.—We have not the address of Cal McCarthy's boxing academy. He can be found at the Scottish-American Athletic Club, Grove street, Jersey City.

H. H. E., Oswego, N. Y.—The seller may be as honest as the purchaser, and we decline to decide between the two. 2. Write to the State Superintendent of Insurance.

L. G. F., New York City.—Possibly. Ross and Daly have given exhibitions together for a number of years, and each has borne away the honors in their different competitions.

A. N. J., Lincoln, Neb.—A six-days go-as-you-please race will occur in New York some time in the early fall. You can address the manager, Mr. James Kennedy, care of this office.

P. E., Point Pleasant, N. J.—Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan fought on March 10, 1888, near Chantilly, France. The battle lasted 20 rounds, occupying 2 hours 11 minutes, and ended in a draw.

J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—J. F. Collier, England, 1 mile, 22 minutes 52 seconds. 2. The evening papers published the English Derby winners on the same day the race occurred. 3. We do not know.

C. A. L., New City, Ill.—Jake Kilrain was born on February 9, 1868, at Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y. His proper name is John Joseph Killion. He is 5 feet 10½ in height and weighs 230 pounds walking about, and in fighting trim tips the beam at 185 or thereabouts.

W. H. A., Houston, Tex.—Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America on Feb. 7, 1887, at Mississippi City, Miss., and Sullivan won in 9 rounds lasting 11 minutes. Ryan weighed 165 pounds, Sullivan's weight was 155 pounds.

C. J. D., Manchester Bridge, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain, whose backer posted \$1,000 forfeit with the *Chippier* in June, 1887, and later put up \$5,000 with the *Paris* (France) office of the New York Herald, to match Kilrain with Sullivan for the championship and the "Police Gazette" belt.

H. E. G., Leonardtown, Md.—Sullivan and Frank Herald boxed at Pittsburg, Pa., on Sept. 23, 1886. The match, which was limited to four rounds, was stopped in the second round by the police. John Newell, the referee, declared Sullivan to have had the best of the encounter.

R. J. M., Orlando, Fla.—No, Kilrain does not usually wear the "Police Gazette" belt going about; it is rather too heavy and clumsy. He is the holder of the belt, and generally allows it to remain in a handsome glass top and side case, which is the most convenient way of caring for it.

D. L. D., Citranette, Ala.—Paddy Ryan was backed by Richard K. Fox, and John L. Sullivan by a Boston syndicate headed by Mr. James Keenan, of that town. The stakes were \$2,500 a side and the fight occurred Feb. 7, 1887, at Mississippi City, Miss. Sullivan won in 9 rounds, occupying 11 minutes.

E. B. S., Washington, D. C.—Jake Kilrain stands 5 feet 10½ inches high and weighs 230 pounds, untrained. He fights at 165 pounds. Kilrain was born Feb. 9, 1868, at Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1868, at Boston, Mass. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall. He is at his best fighting weight when he does not exceed 165 pounds.

T. G., Louisville, Ky.—The articles of agreement do not stipulate that the battle cannot be drawn. The articles read: "Shall fight a fair stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring," and it remains with the principals whether the fight be finished by one or the other giving in, or both stand out for a draw.

M. J. D., New York City.—1. Richard K. Fox's team's name is Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontax. 2. The following horses have in succession lowered the mile trotting record on the respective dates given:

Year. Name. Time.
1900—Yankee (saddle)..... 2:39
1910—A Boston horse (saddle)..... 2:48½
1924—Topgallant (saddle)..... 2:40
1930—Burrer (saddle)..... 2:33
1934—Evelyn Forrest (saddle)..... 2:31½
1943—Lady Suffolk (saddle)..... 2:28
1944—Lady Suffolk (saddle)..... 2:26½
1955—Tacoma (saddle)..... 2:25½
1956—Flora Temple..... 2:24½
1959—Flora Temple..... 2:19½
1965—Dexter..... 2:18½
1967—Dexter..... 2:17½
1971—Goldsmith Maid..... 2:17
1973—Goldsmith Maid..... 2:16½
1974—Goldsmith Maid..... 2:14
1975—Rarus..... 2:13½
1979—St. Julien..... 2:11½
1980—Maud S..... 2:09½
1981—Maud S..... 2:08½
1984—Jay-Eye-See..... 2:10
1984—Maud S..... 2:09½
1984—Maud S..... 2:08½
1985—Maud S..... 2:08½
1986, 1887 and 1888 not lowered.

W. H. Egin, Ill.—There are three feather-weight pugilists named Murphy, and you have got them mixed up. The year

Johnny, who it was broke his arm in a match with young Cal McCarthy, of Jersey City; Frank, who fought Ike Weir, is as sound as a dollar, and is at present training in California to meet the third Murphy, whose name is Thomas W., but is known as Bill Murphy. The last is a late arrival from New Zealand.

J. K., Jr.—Sullivan's glove contest with Patsy Cardiff took place on Jan. 15, 1887, at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, Minn., and on May 20, following, Kilrain's challenge to meet Sullivan in a battle for the championship of the world wasted through the New York *Chippier*, with which paper Mr. Richard K. Fox posted \$1,000 forfeit to back Kilrain in the match, the stakes to be \$5,000 a side. Sullivan failed to cover the forfeit, and there by forfeited his claim to the championship, under the London prize ring rules, which declare that all challenges to a meeting for one thousand a side must be accepted and a match arranged, else the title of champion is forfeited to the challenger.

SPORTING NOTES.

Mills, the English jockey, has been killed by falling in a race at Spa, Belgium.

Benny Shea would like to meet Jack Dogherthy for a stake or purse, or, if he does not accept the challenge, is open to any 133-pound man in New York.

Axtell, the three-year-old Iowa stallion, broke all three-year-old trotting records at Minnehaha Park, Minneapolis, July 2, trotting in 2:15½. The best previous record was 2:18.

Hippy Homer, the English featherweight, and Joe Fisherty of Lowell, Mass., signed articles to spar for a \$200 purse with 5-ounce gloves. The contest will take place within 40 miles of Boston inside of six weeks.

The race between the 40-foot sloop yacht, of the Seawanhaka Club for a \$200 cup, July 1, was won by the *Liria*. The course was about 18½ miles. The *Minerva*, an English yacht, was second, and came near winning.

A. B. George, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, broke the amateur record for two and one-half miles in a run of three miles, June 25, his time for two and one-half miles being 15 minutes 41-5 seconds, and three miles 15 minutes 21 seconds.

The Southern Athletic Club telegraphed Richard K. Fox last week offering to advance Jimmy Carroll \$200 for expenses as a further inducement to bring about a meeting between him and Joe Ellingsworth. Carroll answered that he was ready to start July 15. Dick Toner will go with Carroll as trainer and manager.

Bill Bradburn, the heavy-weight pugilist, of Chicago, and Sam Fitzpatrick, trainer and companion of Peter Jackson, the Australian heavy-weight fighter, became excited over a discussion on pugilism one night recently, and when Bradburn belittled Jackson, Fitzpatrick knocked him down. Bradburn speedily recovered himself, knocked the Australian down and kicked him in the face.

Fony Moore, the celebrated American minstrel manager, of London, and father-in-law of Gussey Mitchell, arrived on July 1 from England. He has come over the water to see the great fight between Sullivan and Kilrain. He is for Kilrain, and will most likely assist his seconds on the morning of the battle. Moore is a thoroughbred American, and is a great favorite to all who visit the other side.

Joe Lannon and Denny Kelleher were to have fought at Boston on July 1, but the police prevented the mill. Both men were in prime condition, and a good set-to was expected, but the police would not permit the fighters to face each other. Lannon wanted to go to some other place and settle the matter, but Kelleher would not agree to it. He agreed, however, to fight in the near future if suitable arrangements could be made.

Frank Wade of Milwaukee and Harry Miller of Chicago fought to a finish for a purse of \$500, July 1, back of Douglas Park. The fight lasted for seven rounds, when Wade was knocked out by a blow that broke his nose. He was otherwise badly punished. Miller was severely pounded on the neck and chest. Both are good men and were in the finest condition. Wade tipped the beam at 175 pounds and Miller weighed 164. But very few sports were present.

The Troy Crib Club is willing to accommodate Frank Bosworth, who came to town last week looking for some one to fight him at 165 pounds. President J. G. Fox, of the club, wrote to the POLICE GAZETTE office that the club will offer a purse for a fight between Bosworth and Arthur Upham, the middle weight champion of Connecticut and Rhode Island, the mill to take place early in August. Bosworth is agreeable, and has written the club to name a date and close the match.

A new athletic club has been organized at San Francisco, and it will be known as the Pacific Athletic Club. Mike C. Gily was chosen temporary chairman and F. E. Benjamin secretary. About 45 names were signed to the roll, several of those present having commissions to sign for friends. Several addresses were rendered, in which the speakers expressed great enthusiasm in the project and predicted a brilliant career for the club.

It was decided to have a full team in the field in time for the Olympic athletic games on Thanksgiving Day, and as the club numbers among its members some of the best amateur athletes on the coast, and all are determined to make the organization a success, there is little doubt that they will make a good showing when the time comes.

A committee was appointed to select suitable quarters for the club, and a report will be made at the next meeting, when permanent officers will probably be elected. A musical entertainment by members was given at the close of the meeting.

The New York Jockey Club has issued an attractive programme, announcing its inaugural meeting at the \$1,000,000 track at West Chester. The meeting will begin on Aug. 20 and end Aug. 31, with ten days' racing. There will be six races each day, and the added money will amount to \$66,500. The features of the meeting will be the Larchmont Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile; the New Rochelle Stakes, for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and three-sixteenths; the Van Nest Stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile; the Casanova Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, three-quarters of a mile; the Great Eclipse Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile; the New York Jockey Club Handicap, for all ages, one mile and a quarter; the Electric Stakes, for all ages, three-quarters of a mile; the Express Stakes, for all ages, seven furlongs; the Fort Schuyler Stakes, for all ages, one mile; the White Plains Handicap, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile; the Pelham Bay Handicap, for three-year-olds, one mile and a quarter, and the Baychester Handicap, one mile and a half.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

KILRAIN-SULLIVAN.

With No. 620 of the POLICE GAZETTE will be presented a beautifully engraved supplement, illustrating the late great battle between Kilrain and Sullivan.

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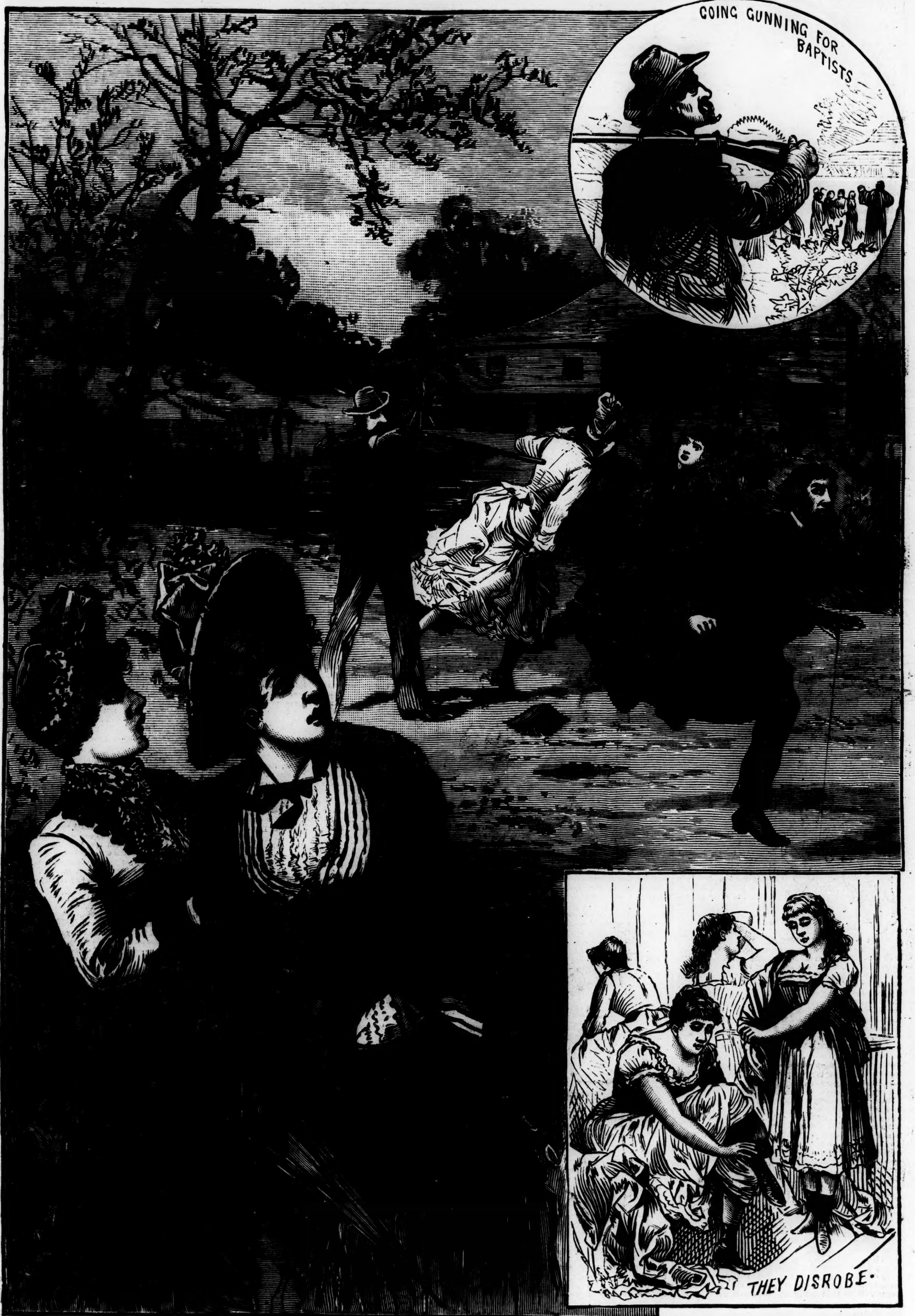
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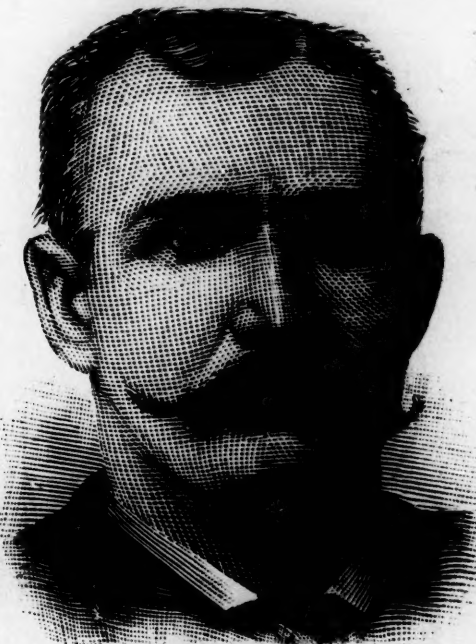
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THE PATRON OF SPORTS, WHO CONDUCTED THE
KILRAIN ARRANGEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS.



CHARLEY MITCHELL,
THE FAMED ENGLISH PUGILIST ELECTED TO SECOND
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.



PROF. MIKE DONOVAN,
THE FIRM FRIEND AND APPOINTED SECOND OF KIL-
RAIN FOR HIS FIGHT WITH BOSTON'S BIG 'UN.



JOHNNY MURPHY,
WHO WAS MITCHELL'S ASSISTANT TRAINER AND
DESIGNATED BOTTLE-HOLDER FOR KILRAIN.



"AL" H. CRIDGE,
THE FAMOUS BOOKMAKER, AND HOLDER OF THE
LARGEST PRIZE-FIGHTING STAKES ON RECORD.



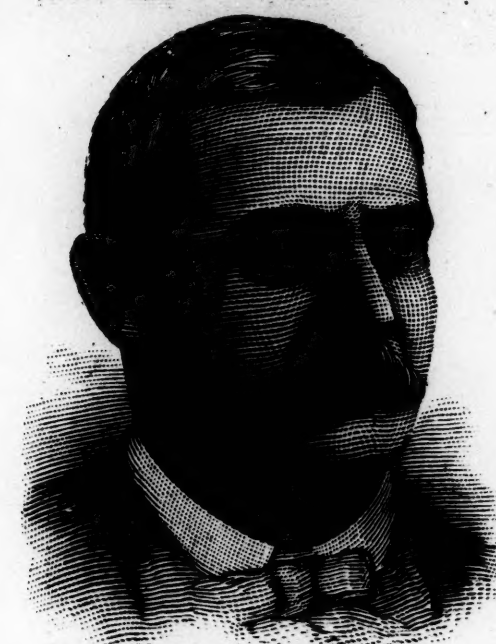
CHARLEY JOHNSTON,
WHO PLACED HIS DOLLARS ON AND WAS DELE-
GATED JOHN L.'S BOTTLE-HOLDER.



"MIKE" CLEARY,
NAMED AS ONE OF THE SECONDS OF JOHN L. FOR
HIS CONTEST WITH THE BALTIMORE BOY.



GEORGE V. MOORE,
"PONY," THE VETERAN SPORTING MAN AND
FATHER-IN-LAW OF CHARLEY MITCHELL.



BUD RENAUD,
OF THE NEW ORLEANS MERCHANTS' CLUB, AND
MANAGER OF THE BIG FIGHT.



JOHN C. BACH,
PROMINENTLY KNOWN IN THE CRESCENT CITY AS
A FEARLESS BACKER OF PUGILISTS.



JACK ASHTON,
A HEAVY WEIGHT PUGILIST WHO HAS MANY
TIMES GAINED GLORY IN THE RING.



WILLIAM MULDOON,
NOMINATED TO SECOND JOHN L. SULLIVAN IN THE
BIG ENCOUNTER.



DOMINICK MCCAFFREY,
THE NOTABLE HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF
NEW YORK CITY.



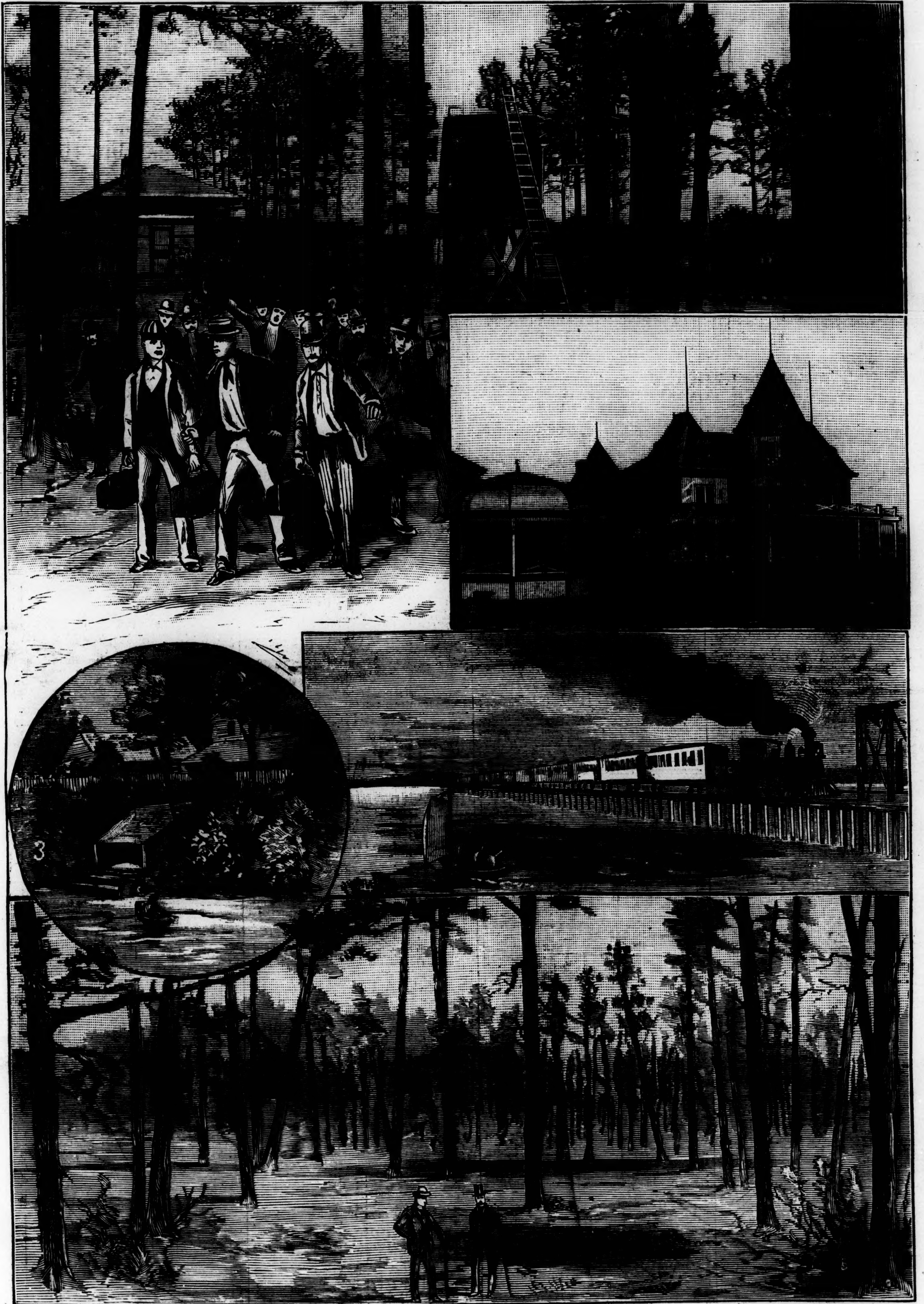
"NED" MALLAHAN,
A PROMINENT NEW YORK CITY SPORT AND
PATRON OF SPORTING MEN.



"JACK" BARNETT,
WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN AND BACKER OF
BIG PUGILISTS OF NOTE.



CHARLES E. DAVIES,
BETTER KNOWN AS "PARSON" DAVIES, A
WORLD-KNOWN SPORTING MAN.



SCENES IN CONNECTION WITH THE BIG FIGHT.

VIEWS AT AND NEAR THE BATTLE FIELD WHERE JAKE KILRAIN AND JOHN L. SULLIVAN CONTENDED ON JULY 8, 1889.

I.—Leaving the Train For the Fight. II.—West End Hotel, Kilrain's Headquarters. III.—Farm House Near Scene of Battle. IV.—Train Crossing Long Bridge At Lake Pontchartrain On Its Way To the Fight. V.—Where the Ring Was Pitched.